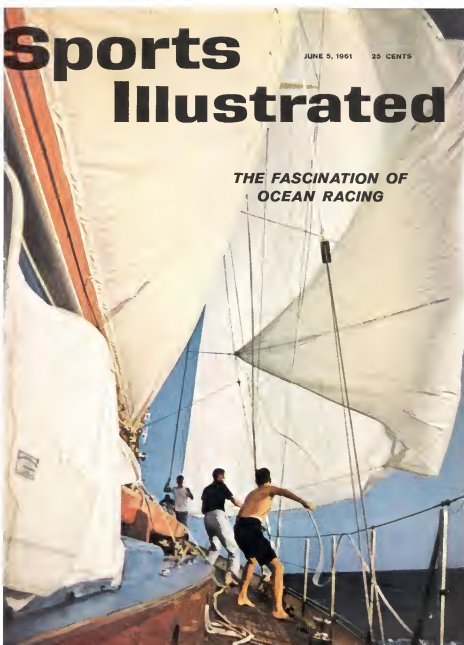


# Sports Illustrated

JUNE 5, 1961 25 CENTS

**THE FASCINATION OF  
OCEAN RACING**





Watches featured, left to right: T-401, \$95; Automatic A-675 (calendar), \$99.50; T-415, \$119. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.  
\*Weatherproof, cushionproof provided steel is restored if sprung.



## ***THE HAMILTON AUTOMATIC:***

### ***MADE FOR A MAN'S WORLD***

Cast a line or deal a hand and you power up this most versatile of watches. The Hamilton Automatic is steadfastly accurate, ruggedly shock-resistant. Many models are Weatherproof.\* There's a calendar style, too. All are fine dress watches—slim, trim, distinctive. Shown at Hamilton Jewelers in the United States and Canada.

***FOR ALL THE HOURS OF A LIFETIME***

Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" pages appear only in the copies of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** that go to our friends in the advertising business

June 5, 1961

## MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

Amidst all the hubbub, conversational crossfire, and accusations of shoddiness and violence and commercialism in television, I would like to put in a word for TV.

I think the TV people, all in all, have done a pretty good job of making a thriving business out of an entirely new entertainment and communications medium—and did it in a field where there existed not one, but several pretty strongly entrenched industries already.

As far as the "unimaginativeness" and general "low cultural level of the programming" go, that's no monopoly of television. A lot of movies, newspapers, books, Broadway plays, night club acts, popular songs, and radio could come under the same accusation. Even magazines, heaven help us, are not entirely blameless.

If people are determined to buy such books (when they could buy better ones), go to such movies (when they could go to better ones) or watch such TV shows (when they could wait for better ones, and do something useful meanwhile)—you can't quite place all the blame on the publishers, the moviemakers, or the TV networks for making them available.



What I don't understand, however, is the advertising philosophy that even considers linking one's product or one's company "image" with any entertainment medium when it is patently low-grade. Please don't get me wrong—I certainly don't want to appear snobbish about taste. I can remember youthful days in Boston when I thought that the burlesque show at the Old Howard was the highest form of art. I'm talking, instead, of simple economics.

All the statistics I have ever seen show that by a wide margin, viewers of the general run of TV fare—not the specials, or the Sunday

(continued on other side)

(continued from preceding page)

afternoon cultural shows, or the 3-hour Shakespearean plays—are what marketers call “mass” families. 89% of U.S. homes have television. And the median income of the U.S. family—the “mass” family—is between \$5,300 and \$5,400 a year. In other words, about 25,000,000 families have less than about \$100 a week to spend or save.

Yet I see all sorts of expensive things advertised on television—refrigerators, autos, electric shavers, fine furniture, perfumes, power lawn mowers, insurance—to families half of whom don't even have incomes of \$100 a week. And I just wonder how these advertisers would explain that to their stockholders. They're entertaining a lot of people, and we should all be grateful, but I fail to see how they can be reaching customers except at a considerable waste of advertising dollars on non-customers.

Now you think I'm going to say these advertisers should be spending their money in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* instead. Not so fast. I'll eventually say that—but I'll say first that they should spend more of it in magazines. As a rule, magazines appeal to people who simply have a higher level of education, background, and income—and therefore should furnish more actual customers, more live prospects, and far fewer marginal customers.

If the advertiser says, “I have to risk reaching marginal customers to make sure I don't miss anybody,” well, look at the astronomical “reach” of the big-circulation magazines, *Life*, *Reader's Digest*, the *Post*, *Look*, the women's magazines. And those magazines can give him the same kind of coverage, but with far fewer of the below-\$100-a-week families who have to be careful how they spend their money, even for necessities.



Here's a quote from the *Wall Street Journal*: “Says Oliver Treyz, crew-cut president of ABC television, ‘We're programming for the younger, larger families—the ones with more teeth to brush, more bodies to bathe, more hair to shampoo.’”

Well, I'm looking at some Department of Commerce figures which, in part, go like this:

FAMILIES Median Size	All families	Under \$3000	\$3000- \$5000	\$5000- \$7000	\$7000- \$10,000	\$10,000- \$15,000
		3.3	2.6	3.3	3.6	3.6

These figures seem to show that as income goes up, the larger the families get. Not only is there more hair to shampoo, but they can afford to shampoo it more than once a week. That goes for everything—even peanut butter. Don't tell me those well-to-do families out in the suburbs don't buy more peanut butter than anybody else. It's getting nowadays so you can't even join the P.T.A. unless you have four chil-

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 14, Number 22



*...then, check in at home by Long Distance!*



It's the *personal* way to find out your wife and children are well . . . to tell them about your trip.

*Keep in touch by Long Distance . . .* **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**





FADE-OUT  
FADE-IN

As for close-up of Rita's  
Camera moves from her  
plane keyboard. We watch  
her smile.

WIDE-ANGLE SHOT

We Rita and full view of  
Billy moves into camera  
and takes his place leaning

MOVING CLOSE-UP

Camera close on Billy  
as he sits down in the  
chair.

Camera moves to start camera  
on Billy in living room.  
Camera except Dad -- is twisting  
around to follow.

MOVING CLOSE-UP

Camera why Dad is sitting  
on Billy reading his paper.  
Camera in his ears.

## To get everything in the script, you have to get a Bolex

Hollywood effects and award-winning quality are no longer the personal possessions of "the professional"...

For now you can get lap dissolves, fades, titles, speed-ups, animation, wide-angle vistas, telephoto close-ups, zooms—everything in the "script"—with a Bolex H-16 Rex and accessories.

Your results are truly professional. You view and focus through the shooting lens

for uninterrupted viewing, exact framing, accurate focusing. Parallax is ended forever!

Then there's Bolex's new variable shutter. It gives you more control over exposure, sharpens fast-action subjects, and blurs distracting backgrounds. It puts fades at your fingertips, makes lap dissolves smooth and easy. (For automatic fades and perfect lap dissolves, try a Bolex Rexofader. It times fades for pre-set number of frames.)

With all its professional features, Bolex's H-16 Rex is only \$450 with a superb Lytar F/1.8 lens. Bolex accessories are also moderately priced—the Rexofader, for example, is just \$37.50. For detailed literature write Dept. B81-6 or see your Bolex dealer for complete information.

# BOLEX

PAILLARD INCORPORATED, 100 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 13, N. Y. — IN CANADA, GAMBRE FILMS LTD., TORONTO  
Other Paillard products include Super precision Hermes typewriters and adding machines.

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JUNE 5, 1961 Volane 14, Number 22

Cover photograph by Richard Meek

## 14 Shep Tangles with the Boys

The Pennsylvania trotting commissioner battles some politicians over control of four race tracks

## 18 World's Longest Leap

In California last Saturday night Ralph Boston broad-jumped 27 feet  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, farther than any man before

## 20 Candidate for an Exclusive Club

Mrs. Katherine Price may become the seventh owner of a Triple Crown winner at Saturday's Belmont Stakes

## 22 Bald Is for Fishes

A team of Yale swimmers from Fort Lauderdale High School plays Sanson to some swimming Delilahs

## 24 Charlie Finley and Bugs Bunny

Baseball's newest owner uses gimmicks and salesmanship on reluctant Kansas City fans

## 38 Eye on the Wind

Richard Meek's color camera records the excitement and the beauty of ocean racing

## 47 Racing in Style

British fashion and rugged rides lead color and excitement to the country picnic mood of the hunt meet

## 72 Hawks in the Attic

The charming story of an annual visit by two family kenzels. By William O'Halloran

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## Next week

It's Le Mans time in France again—a time for cookouts and carnivals while the 24-hour road race whistles past. An unusual view of the event is presented in eight pages of color.

Ben Hogan once called Oakland Hills Golf Course, site of the 1961 Open, a "monster." In a preview, Alfred Wright tells why and predicts which golfers should do best on its well-trapped fairways. Plus, from the Dorado Beach course in Puerto Rico, a report on the troubled Canada Cup tournament.



# ARE YOU HIGH ON NEW STYLE IDEAS?

Take a short-cut to the Swiss Alps via these trimmed-down, tapered-off Tyroleans! No belt to clutter up the clean look—but plenty of pocket room! Cool colors in Authentic Duck, Polished Twill, Midweight Corduroy \$4.95 to \$5.95

## TYROLEAN SHORTS



At high-style stores... or write h.i.s. sportswear, 200 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

## COMING EVENTS

June 2 to June 6  
All times are E.D.T.

\* Color television    \* Television    ■ Network radio

### Friday, June 2

#### BOATING

Tides Barren Islands ocean race (start), San Diego

#### SHOOTING

Pan-American - International Open, Dallas (through June 4)

#### TRACK & FIELD

Longhorn Invitational, Compton, Calif.

NAPA Champs, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. (also June 3)

#### TRAPSHOOTING

New Jersey State Shoot, Clementon, N.J. (through June 4)

#### WRESTLING

World Champs., Yokohama, Japan (through June 4)

### Saturday, June 3

#### BASEBALL

Los Angeles Angels at Cleveland, 8:55 p.m. (CBS)

New York at Chicago White Sox, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)

#### BOXING

Griffith vs. Omega, welter title bout, 15 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (ABC)

#### DOG SHOW

West Coast Cocker Spaniel Club show, Pasadena, Calif.

#### HARNESS RACING

Free-For-All Pace, \$25,000, Waukegan, N.Y.

#### HORSE RACING

Hollywood Express, \$25,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.

#### LACROSSE

The Kest, \$25,000, Delaware Park, Del.

#### LAUREL

Army de Navy

#### MOTOR SPORTS

SCCA "On Wisconsin" natl. rally, Wisconsin, Delin, Wis. (also June 4)

#### TENNIS

"Professional Tennis," Wide World of Sports, 3 p.m. (ABC)

### Sunday, June 4

#### BASEBALL

Chicago Cubs at Cincinnati, 1:55 p.m. (CBS)

New York at Chicago White Sox, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)

#### DOG SHOW

Cincinnati Kennel Club show, Cincinnati

Franklinham District Kennel Club show, Framingham, Mass.

Pasadena Kennel Club show, Pasadena, Calif.

#### MOTOR SPORTS

USAC Big Car Champs, \$10,000, Milwaukee

Roman Grand Prix, Rome, France

#### SHOOTING

Consistent State and Open Champs., Farmington, Conn.

### Monday, June 5

#### BASEBALL

Pittsburgh at Los Angeles Dodgers

### Tuesday, June 6

#### BASEBALL

NAPA Champs., Sioux City, Iowa (through June 10)

### Wednesday, June 7

#### HORSE RACING

Edgemont Handicap, \$25,000, Belmont Park, N.Y.

### Thursday, June 8

#### GOLF

LPGA Triangle Round Robin, New Rochelle, N.Y. (through June 11)

#### HORSE RACING

Old Brook show, Hinsdale, Ill. (through June 11)

Pecos Valley Country show, Roswell, N. Mex. (through June 11)

#### LACROSSE

"Army-Navy Lacrosse," Sunday Sports Spectacular, 7:30 p.m. (CBS)

#### TENNIS

NAPA Champs., Kansas City, Mo. (through June 10)

#### TRAPSHOOTING

Nebraska State Shoot, Omaha, Neb. (through June 11)

Ohio State Shoot, Middletown, Ohio (through June 11)

Texas State Shoot, Fort Worth (through June 11)

\* See local listing

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 5, 1964



**Manhattan™ Le Cheval™ Sportknits**  
available at these and  
other fine stores:

**CONNECTICUT**

Bristol ..... From A Weeks Inc.  
Middletown ..... Ames A. Lewis Co.  
Naugatuck ..... J. H. Brown  
New Britain ..... Davidson Loomis  
Hartford ..... Trachtenberg's  
Orange ..... Hart Greenblatt Inc.  
Storington ..... Hanks & Johnson  
Waterbury ..... Fitzgerald & Pratt

**FLORIDA**

Bay Area Beach ..... Baby's  
Belleview ..... Seayman's  
Jacksonville ..... Lyons  
Jacksonville ..... Ray-Cohen  
Orlando ..... Rick's Men's Shop

**MARYLAND**

Silver Spring ..... Willard Harris, Inc.

**MASSACHUSETTS**

Arlington ..... Jordan Marsh Co. (all stores)  
Boston ..... Melodian Wadsworth Co.  
Lynn ..... Lohm's Inc.  
Lowell ..... Ben Martin Inc.  
New Bedford ..... H. C. Smith & Sons  
Worcester ..... Ward Pratt Co.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE**

Concord ..... David Heller Co.  
Portsmouth ..... M. C. Pope Co.

**NEW JERSEY**

Asbury Park ..... Chas. Lewisville  
Asbury Park ..... Traylor Bros.  
Atlantic City ..... Schmitt Clothing Shop  
Atlantic City ..... Guss, Crutsky  
Bergenfield ..... Men's World  
Fairfield ..... Fishers Mens Shop  
Elizabeth ..... Big Men's Shop  
Elizabeth ..... Mac & Dave  
Madison ..... F. J. Maguire  
Montclair ..... Wellmont Haberdashers  
Orange ..... Harry Sengman  
Passaic ..... Max Schneider & Sons  
Paterson ..... Ben Kruse  
Paterson ..... Charles W. Elton  
Plainfield ..... John Packer (all stores)  
Red Bank ..... Huber's Men's Shop  
Rutherford ..... Zimmerman Mens Wear  
Woodbridge ..... Johnson's Mens Shop

**NEW YORK**

Albany ..... W. M. Whitney Co.  
Albany ..... Cowling's  
Brooklyn ..... Enry's Mens & Boys Shop  
Brooklyn ..... Harry Marins  
Brooklyn ..... Ronald's Mens Wear  
Brooklyn ..... Eric Belton  
Brooklyn ..... St. George Mens Shop  
Buffalo ..... J. W. King, Inc.  
Canfield ..... Lattimer's  
Canfield ..... A. Louis Mens Store  
Endicott ..... Schaper's Men's Shop  
Hempstead ..... B & B Clothing Shop  
Larchmont ..... Edward's  
Lyndhurst ..... Mr. Lee's Mens Shop (all stores)  
New York City ..... Broadstreets (all stores)  
New York City ..... J. P. Carter  
New York City ..... John David Inc. (all stores)  
New York City ..... Nat. Wilson  
New York City ..... Lever & Greenberg  
New York City ..... Madison Hub  
New York City ..... Village Mens Shop  
New York City ..... Wall Street Inn  
New York City ..... S. Weitzner  
Niagara Falls ..... Bell Bros. Inc.  
Olean ..... Gaven the Carthy  
Olean ..... Frank S. Mott  
Olean ..... M. Shostitz & Co.  
Poughkeepsie ..... T. J. Smith  
Schenectady ..... The Carl Co.  
Spring Valley ..... Nat. Aaron  
Suffern ..... The Noble  
Syracuse ..... John F. Bell & Sons  
Syracuse ..... Wells & Cowley  
Yonkers ..... Wells & Cowley  
Yonkers ..... Horner's

**PENNSYLVANIA**

Beaumont ..... Young Mens Store  
Beaumont ..... Alex. Rubin  
Corryville ..... Phoenix Mens Wear  
Johnstown ..... Schenck's Dept. Store  
Lancaster ..... Fitz & Lyman Inc.  
Lancaster ..... Giff & Wolf Co.  
Pittsburgh ..... P. A. Frawley  
Sharon ..... Kalkbrenner's  
State College ..... Shantz & Myers  
State College ..... Levine Bros.

**RHODE ISLAND**

Newport ..... Narragansett Clo. Co.  
Providence ..... The Strandings  
Providence ..... The Strandings Co.  
West Warwick ..... St. Gaps Mens Store

**VIRGINIA**

Fredericksburg ..... Washington Woolen Mills  
Richmond ..... Berry Hark & Co., Inc.



**The man who wins the match wears Le Cheval**

In Le Cheval™ you're a smashing favorite on the tennis court and off. A true action-knit shirt made of 100% cotton—fine 2-ply lisle, Le Cheval's ribbed-knit shoulders and sleeves free you to slam back (and forehand) from corners or the net. And Le Cheval's longer back tail won't roun— it stays tucked in, keeping you fashionably neat and trim. Serving an ace or being an ace-hand at the barbecue, Le Cheval—with ribbed collar and majestic horse embroidery—lets you really swing into fun. In many handsome washable colors. \$5. Slightly higher in the West. You give dad the advantage when you give him Le Cheval for Father's Day! The Manhattan Shirt Co., 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

*Manhattan*

WRITE FOR FREE COPY OF THE MANHATTAN-SPORTS ILLUSTRATED "THE GREAT STYLISTS OF SPORT" BOOK  
LET, CONTAINING PICTURES AND INFORMATION ABOUT 30 "ALL TIME GREATS" OF THE SPORTS WORLD.

FOR ALL MEN AND WOMEN, INCLUDING TEENAGERS:

*Straight from a major clinical study comes "The Dermatologists' Report" to caution about:*

# SHAVING AND

## HIGHLIGHTS FROM "THE DERMATOLOGISTS' REPORT"

This medical study on shaving and its effects on the skin answers important questions about:

- 1. Shaving instruments:** Which gives greatest skin protection?
- 2. Rashes, acne, ingrown hair:** Which shaving instrument is more advantageous when these skin problems are present?
- 3. Moles and other skin growths:** How dangerous are repeated nicks, cuts, and irritations?
- 4. Women and shaving:** Does shaving cause coarse, profuse hair growth?
- 5. Close shaving:** Which electric shaver shaves closest without irritation?

---

For the first time, an exhaustive medical study has been made of electric and blade shaving. This 12-month study employed close to 1000 shaving devices to evaluate how these shaving methods bear on many troublesome—and sometimes potentially serious—skin diseases.

The scientific validity of this study is evidenced by the fact that it was conducted and supervised by three skin specialists—doctors of medicine—who are associated with the dermatology departments of medical schools and hospitals of the highest repute. Equally important, the study disclosed so much new information on shaving

and skin disorders that the research was recently reported in a leading national medical journal.

## FIVE FRANK ANSWERS TO FIVE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

**1. Shaving instruments:** Which gives the greatest skin protection?

According to the physicians' observations, electric shavers remove 75% to 93% less skin cells than other methods tested and cause no cuts and few nicks.

Moreover, complaints of after-shave burning occur 1/7 as often following the use of the most effective electric shaver. The doctors also found that most shaving-induced skin rashes do not occur when shavers with *adjustable comb-like rollers* are used.

**2. Rashes, acne, ingrown hair:** Which shaving instrument is more advantageous when skin problems are present?

The most striking advantages of electric shavers were reported in treating patients suffering from eczema, ingrown hairs, bacterial infections, and many other skin ailments. In fact, the doctors agreed that when an electric shaver is used as an adjunct to treatment, many common diseases of the skin—aggravated by irritation—can be expected to improve. The most satisfactory shaving instrument to use in the presence of skin disease is, according to the doctors, an electric shaver with *adjustable comb-like rollers*.

**Teenage Acne.** The doctors reported that acne patients under their care—whose skin diseases were aggravated by shaving irritation—improved when they used electric shavers with *adjustable comb-like rollers*. When adjusted

# SKIN PROTECTION

to prevent cutting eruptions, the roller combs reduce the likelihood of scarring.

**3. Moles and other skin growths:** How dangerous are repeated nicks, cuts, and irritations?

The physicians sounded a warning about shaving among both men and women who have pigmented moles on the skin. Such moles, they cautioned, should never be irritated by repeated nickings.

Such irritation from shaving is greatly reduced when an electric shaver is used.

**4. Women and shaving:** Does shaving cause coarse, profuse hair growth?

According to this study, women, including teenagers, need not fear that shaving causes coarse or profuse hair

to grow on the legs or underarm areas—a common, erroneous belief.

Among women, the report adds, electric shavers caused no frank cuts on the legs or underarm areas.

**5. Close shaving:** Which electric shaver shaves closest without irritation?

Photographs taken several hours after shaving indicated that the difference in beard length was almost negligible following shaving with a blade and some electric shavers, allowing both methods adequate break-in period.

At the conclusion of their yearlong study of shaving, the physicians agreed that electric shavers with *adjustable comb-like rollers provide the greatest combination of close shave with the least irritation.*

---

## A MESSAGE FROM SPERRY RAND REGARDING "THE DERMATOLOGISTS' REPORT"

There are thousands of people who are satisfied with their present method of shaving.

However, serious consideration should be given to the findings of "The Dermatologists' Report," especially its conclusion that electric shavers with adjustable comb-like rollers—*exclusive with Remington® Lektronic™, Roll-A-Matic® and Lady Remington Shavers*—provide the greatest combination of close shave with the least irritation.

**NOTE:** This study was supported by a grant to a medical research organization by the Remington Rand Division of Sperry Rand Corporation. The grant is consistent with this company's interest in medical research.

That Remington Shavers—with exclusive adjustable comb-like rollers—proved to be superior to other instruments tested was coincidental to the ethical, impartial methods of the study.

Several makes of electric shavers are on the market. Of these, Remington is by far the largest-selling—and has the greatest combination of shaving advantages.

Try a Remington Shaver. You will find the Remington Roll-A-Matic, the Lady Remington and the new cordless Lektronic available at most dealers on Free Home Trial.

If you would like more information about "The Dermatologists' Report," your doctor may obtain it by writing to Box 3583, New York 17, New York.

©1961 BY SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

# Now everyone is discovering Bourbon and Branch



It was probably a peculiar shock to the American cowboy when he discovered that his every day clothes, Levi's, had become the fashionable week-end attire of the West and East coasts. People who live in the South and West are now discovering that their familiar, cozy, old favorite, "Bourbon and Branch", is becoming the newest thing all over America.



More and more whiskey drinkers are savoring the joys of Bourbon and Branch. It is the simple but subtle and refreshing combination of pure water ("Branch" is the grass roots word for cool, fresh water)—and fine Kentucky whiskey.

The sophisticates haven't started to drink Kentucky bourbon just out of nostalgia. They've discovered that it tastes better than other whiskeys. They like the aristocratic distinction of fine Kentucky bourbon. And they've found that 86 proof Old Crow is as light and mild as any whiskey—but it has more character.

Try Old Crow yourself. It is America's most preferred bourbon—which is, you must admit, a rather convincing endorsement. Have it with branch. Or on the rocks. Or even with soda. Any way you'll see why HENRY CLAY, MARK TWAIN, DANIEL WEBSTER—a history book full of great men—all joined in praising the perfect bourbon...



Light-Mild 86 Proof

**OLD CROW**  
Kentucky Bourbon

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF

## Sports Illustrated

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Advertising Director: L. L. Callaway Jr.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 5, 1961

Canada's golf courses—such as this one at famed Green Gables, Prince Edward Island—raise your spirits while you lower your handicap.



## ...the wonderful world at your doorstep!

Canada's wide horizons are yours to explore this summer



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Our sedan is a pretty familiar  
sight; not many people laugh at it  
any more. But our station wagon  
is still good for a few chuckles.



# SCORECARD

## A GAME A DAY

The American League has troubles coming: dark, deep troubles. When it expanded to 10 teams this year it also expanded from the normal 154-game schedule to 162, and this spring has brought bad weather to most American League cities. Just about every team is now forced to reschedule to allow for double-headers in order to complete the season by October 1.

The hardest hit team of all is the Kansas City A's, who must now play 126 games in 126 days; the Boston Red Sox and New York Yankees must play 125 games in 126 days. Weighing fatigue, night games, double-headers, pitching rotations and physical endurance, it is not hard to see that before the season ends some pretty tired baseball will be presented to American League fans. The game, of course, all goes back to the greedy owners of baseball and to American League President Joe Cronin and Commissioner Ford C. Frick. If the expansion of the American League had been a little less hasty and a little better thought-out there would be no trouble.

## ON BEHALF OF MOTHERHOOD

We stumbled over a copy of the *Father's Day News* the other day, which says that Adlai E. Stevenson is the National Father of the Year; that Fred MacMurray is Television Father of the Year; that Phil Silvers is Stage Father of the Year; that Evan Hunter is the Literary Father of the Year; that Ralph Houk is Sports Father of the Year; that Phil Rizzuto is Radio Father of the Year.

We'd like to offer a more serious choice: Saggy.

## PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON GLASS POLES

It is the ambition of Pole Vaulter Don Bragg to become the 13th movie Tarzan, and thus attain that fame which touched Buster Crabbe, Johnny Weissmuller, Lex Barker and nine others.

Last week, however, Bragg was concerned more with poles than with pictures. He seemed a little shaken by the

fact that a 20-year-old sophomore, George Davies of Oklahoma State, had vaulted 15 feet 10½ inches, surpassing Bragg's record by an inch (see page 19). Davies had used the new fiber-glass pole, while Bragg's record had been set with an aluminum alloy pole.

"The fiber-glass pole adds at least six inches to a vaulter's mark," Bragg said. "I think some action should be taken regarding it. It should either be declared legal or illegal or ruled as a separate event. It has a catapulting action rather than a vaulting action. Vaulting used to be 60% to 70% the man and 30% to 40% the pole. Now it's the other way around. With the aluminum or bamboo pole the human limitation is 16 feet or 16 feet 1 inch. With fiber glass it's 16 feet 6 inches." Bragg said that if the fiber-glass manufacturers could find a pole to hold his weight (195 pounds) he would be able to clear 16 feet.

That afternoon a manufacturer delivered one right to his very door.

## THEY SAID IT

• Cleveland Indian Manager Jimmie Dykes's theory on Casey Stengel's greatest asset as a manager: "He's independently wealthy."

• Kyle Rote, co-captain of the New York football Giants, after being forced into a race across midtown New York at lunchtime against a taxi, a horse and carriage, a Rolls-Royce and a motor scooter to help get publicity for the radio station that employs him: "This is the kind of assignment you get when you don't attend staff meetings."

## CARMEN IN A BULL RING

Nîmes, about 60 miles from Marseilles, has a Roman arena dating from the 1st century A.D. that often is used for bull-fights. Recently it was the scene of a combined production of *Carmen* and a *corrida* with a real bull, with singers from the Paris Opéra and the world's greatest *torero*, Antonio Ordóñez, from Madrid. The ancient arena made a perfect stage setting, with a crescent

moon and starry sky supplied by nature.

Two hundred and twenty extras in 1820 Andalusian costumes, a dozen horses and a batch of donkeys panted. On the stage were 12 singers and a chorus of 60. A 60-man orchestra occupied space in the arena for want of a pit. A double barricade protected the players from the bull. "It's all right for Don José to kill Carmen," said the manager of the show, "but we don't want the bull goring the first violinist."

Ernest Blanc, baritone, made a big hit by intoning the famous (and misnamed) *torero* song from the top row of the arena. Ordóñez arrived in a *calèche*, following Carmen in another carriage. Some spectators thought he resembled the barber in *The Barber of Seville*. Under floodlights, in the interval between



arias, Ordóñez was raped, clean, efficient, but the big brown bull, perhaps charmed by the music, lacked ferocity. Worse still, his horns had been shortened and dulled.

Before the fight began, Ordóñez threw his hat at Carmen, and she tossed back a rose. Both fell short and dropped among the horn players. As the bull was dragged from the ring Carmen and Don José began their death-scene finale. When José in the opera gave Carmen the fatal stab, one aficionado, who preferred his performance to Ordóñez's bullfight, hollered, "Ore, ore."

## SOME QUESTIONS REMAIN

The first official action by collegiate authorities in response to the basketball scandals has now been taken. It deserves examination.

The University of North Carolina and North Carolina State College, both hit by player-bribery charges, have agreed

continued

# MY SIN

... a most  
provocative perfume!



# LANVIN

*the best Paris has to offer*

## SCORECARD *continued*

that henceforth they will grant athletic scholarships to only two basketball players per year outside the Atlantic Coast Conference area (and will apply the same principle to football recruiting). They will prohibit basketball competition for their players during the summer. They will play only two nonconference games during the season, eliminating the Dixie Classic and other holiday tournaments.

The over-all intent of these actions—reasonable de-emphasis of basketball and the drive for profits from it—is laudable. The canceling of the strictly commercial holiday tournaments and cutting down on interseasonal games that require so much time away from campus by players are both good moves. Furthermore, such rules can hardly be circumvented; a team's schedule cannot be faked.

However, the other two actions are highly questionable. The prohibition of summer competition is both capricious and unwarranted. Why shouldn't athletes be allowed to play the sport they enjoy at summer camps, playgrounds or anywhere they choose, so long as they fulfill the requirements of remaining amateurs? And who will check on them after they scatter for summer recess? Who, also, will check on whether players outside the ACC area are given scholarships to Carolina schools, pay their own way or are financed by over-zealous alumni? The NCAA has no jurisdiction here; neither does the Atlantic Coast Conference. We would like to take the schools' word that they will adhere to their own rules. However, we believe that athletic directors, coaches, alumni and college presidents have been winking at similar rules for years. We'd like to see a strong, independent body enforce sound regulations and mete out really suitable punishment when they are broken.

## ON THE AVENUE

Harness racing is constantly trying new tricks to elevate its image; to get itself, as a Madison Avenue man might say, out of the grandstand days and into the clubhouse ways. Last week Madison Avenue did its split-level best to hoist the image of one track, New York's Roosevelt Raceway, to the flagpole. Huge ads appeared in *The New York Times* and the *World-Telegram and Sun* which showed a wide-eyed, freckle-

faced, all-American boy listening attentively to his father. The copy went like this: "You'll hear about him all your life, son. . . . He's the one-of-a-kind champion you find in every sport—like Babe Ruth, Joe Louis, Bobby Jones or Man o' War. Though I can't take you along to see him, you'll talk about the things Adios Butler had done just as you do about The Babe and his 60 homers. . . . Someday, when the talk gets around to champions who make history, you'll boast that your dad saw Adios Butler."

This week we hope that another ad will appear, and feel that the copy should read something like this: "You'll never hear about that stuff from me again, son. Lord, you were lucky to be able to stay home while I fought the crowds and the rain to see Adios Butler finish a nice, snug fifth at odds of 9 to 10. He'll go down in history with Clint Hartung, Pete Rademacher, Jack Fleck and Silky Sullivan. Someday, son, when the talk gets around to champs, you'll boast that your dad is top drawer."

Of course, in his next outing the Butler could make a sucker out of that copywriter, too.

## BACKSTRETCH ACTION

Exercise boys, grooms and hot walkers of three stables at New York Thoroughbred tracks are soon to hold their first election, by order of the State Labor Relations Board, to decide whether they want Local 917 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters (James Hoffa, president) to represent them. Similar elections will follow this one, and eventually 1,400 to 2,000 backstretch employees of about 200 trainers will be involved.

Some trainers and owners say that if the Teamsters are successful they will have to leave New York and race elsewhere because of prohibitive costs. But the union plans to go elsewhere, too.

The union wants a minimum wage of \$1.50 an hour for stablehands for an eight-hour day, six-day week, with time and a half for overtime, one day's sick pay and one day's vacation pay a month. New York trainers now get from owners an average of \$15 a horse per day for food, training and wages of stable employees. If the owners are compelled to increase their rates, as some say they would have to do, there will be less racing, less employment and no Christmas and end-of-season bonuses for the help. (Currently, the New York Racing Association makes available life insur-



ance, hospitalization and medical care.)

Relations between employees, trainers and owners have always been paternalistic. Horsemen not only dislike unionization in general but the Teamsters in particular because of their unsavory past in other industries. Union strategy is to deal with stables piecemeal because they probably could not win a large group election. If they succeed with a few stables, they could throw picket lines around the others, and union members who drive horse vans would not cross such lines.

Racing is a prosperous sport, but horsemen themselves do not have an easy time. Moreover, are the Teamsters the best bargaining agents on a race track? Certainly, the men who tend the horses are entitled to decent wages and living conditions, if only to help them resist temptation offered by gamblers carrying dope pellets.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

• Roy Harris, one of many nondescript fighters that Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson has beaten, recently was knocked out by Bob Cleroux, a nondescript fighter himself, for the second straight time. Manager Lou Viscusi summed up Harris' future: "Look, why kid ourselves? Roy has lost five fights now, and he's too nice a kid to keep on in this business—this is the end of the line."

• Blackie Sherrod, sports editor of the *Dallas Times Herald*, is not enthusiastic about the forthcoming All-America Bowl football game which draws its players from this year's college seniors. Wrote Sherrod: "At last count there were something like 8,256 all-star football games, but they're ordinarily contained in a period from August through January. Now we got us one on June 23, and if that's not like eating cabbage for breakfast, what is?"

• Much-publicized Press Agent Beeno Cook of the University of Pittsburgh sent out a release last week heralding Roger Brown of Dayton and Connie Hawkins of Iowa as future basketball stars. The next day both were implicated in the basketball fixes.


• Joe Gordon, manager of the Kansas City Athletics, is getting more and more irked by interference from the A's new owner, Charles O. Finley. Before last Wednesday's game with the Washington Senators at Municipal Stadium, Gordon submitted his lineup card to Umpire Joe Paparella with this note appended: "Approved by C.O.F."

END



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# SHEP TANGLES WITH THE BOYS

A stubborn horseman is fighting Pennsylvania's politicians. At stake are millions of dollars—and perhaps the future of U.S. harness racing

by RAY CAVE

Those who know harness racing will tell you that if you start a clawing match with Lawrence B. Sheppard, the paternalistic, feudal baron of Hanover, Pa., you are going to get scratched up. Mr. Sheppard (Shep, to his friends) has in his time scratched up the U.S. Army, a U.S. Senator, the Attorney General's office, the New York State Harness Racing Commission and the American labor movement, all of which have been foolish enough to do him battle. He is an implacable Republican who speaks his mind.

And those who know politics will tell you that if you get in a stand-up brawl with James Patrick Clark, the autocrat of Philadelphia, you are going to get run right over. Mr. Clark (Big Jim, to his friends) has in his time run over a Republican political machine that had lasted most of a century, assorted recalcitrant Congressmen, many a would-be governor and a popular football coach, all of whom have been so ill-advised as to take him on. He is an implacable Democrat who speaks his mind.

This, then, is the story of what has happened in the last few months as Mr. Sheppard, who wants to see Pennsylvania get the best harness racing in the world, and Mr. Clark, who wants to monopolize that racing, have joined in bitter conflict. Involved are the brother of a princess, the maker of a President,

**LAWRENCE SHEPPARD:** the embattled Pennsylvania racing commission chairman.



five millionaires, a deathbed promise, a classic political coup and an inestimable amount of boodle. At stake is the future character of harness racing in the U.S., for what happens in Pennsylvania is going to have a marked effect on the sport, one way or the other.

Until two years ago Pennsylvania had never legalized pari-mutuel betting. For 200 years the colony and the state stuck by its early combination of Protestant morality and Quaker severity. Its blue laws were so strict that Sunday picnics were illegal until 1959, and antgambling laws were severe in both attitude and punishment. True, there were so many horse races down Sasfras Street in Philadelphia that the name was changed to Race Street before the Revolution, and remains so today. But public wagering was not condoned.

Then, in December 1959, the state legislature, influenced by Democratic backers from the big cities, legalized betting at harness tracks. The bill passed by a single vote. The new law stipulated a maximum of four tracks. These could be located only in counties in which the voters, by referendum, approved pari-mutuel betting. Racing was limited to 50 days for each holder of a license, with a maximum total of 200 days for the state. The tracks were allowed to keep a generous 10% of the wagering (compared to New York's 5%) with the rest of the 15% take-out, estimated at \$10 million a year, going to the state. Racing would be administered by a three-man commission that would grant the four extremely valuable licenses. (The borrowing power alone of a license for the Philadelphia area is estimated at a minimum of \$6 million.)

Governor David L. Lawrence, a Democrat, knew that political and gangster involvement with harness tracks had caused appalling scandals in New York (1953) and Illinois (1951). "I want to get as high-class a commission as I can," he said when he signed the bill. "People who know something about the racing business." Later he named Sheppard, a horseman and shoe manufacturer, as commission chairman; and then two Democrats and nonhorsemen, Martin J. Cusick and Edward Kane, to serve with Sheppard.

"Keep racing as above reproach as Caesar's wife," the governor warned Sheppard. As things developed, even the good Calpurnia would have had her troubles.

In western Pennsylvania, Dan Parish,

*continued*



**JIM CLARK**, the politician who appears bent on monopolizing Pennsylvania's best racing.



**DAVID LAWRENCE**, the governor who wants racing "above reproach," but among friends.



**DAN PARISH**, the governor's pal who wants race track profits without building one.



**JACK KELLY**, the Olympic champion from a famous family whose father got him a share.

**FRANK SULLIVAN**, the lawyer who represented both Clark's and Parish's interests.



**EUGENE MORE**, the head of Garden State and officer of a likely competitor in betting.



a Pittsburgh contractor, and Art Rooney, owner of the Pittsburgh Steelers, wanted a license. Dan Parish is a dear friend of the governor. The malicious say he did not lose money paving Pittsburgh's streets while Lawrence was mayor there. Parish knows there is money in operating race tracks. He had an interest in Canfield Fairgrounds, Ohio, where he says, "We did wonderful." He operated Fairmount Park, Ill. and "made four times what we put into it," and Randall Park, Ohio, where "we more than doubled our money."

Meanwhile, 250 miles east in Philadelphia, John B. Kelly, a leading Democratic figure in the city for 30 years, and the father of Princess Grace of Monaco and Olympic rowing champion John Jr., was critically ill. One of his last requests of his political associates was that his son get part of a Philadelphia track. The man who said yes was the one man who could virtually hand out shares in yet-to-be-licensed race tracks—James P. Clark. What's more, Clark was planning on a track of his own. Thus, politicians and their friends were ready to exercise the privileges of political power and divide harness racing's potential profits among themselves.

How could Clark be so sure of his racing future? Big Jim Clark is the finance chairman of the Democratic City Committee in Philadelphia. He is a personable 62-year-old Irishman who started with nothing and built a multimillion-dollar trucking business. In politics he also started with nothing—30 years ago there wasn't one Democrat to rub against another in Philadelphia—and led the building of a Democratic organization that ended seven decades of Republican rule. Clark's co-leader today is influential Congressman William J. Green Jr. Last year Robert F. Kennedy came to town on behalf of his campaigning brother, inspected what Clark had wrought, and called Philadelphia's Democratic organization "the best financed and best directed in the country."

In November, John Kennedy received a 310,000 majority in Philadelphia, which enabled him to win the key state of Pennsylvania. "He elected a President," aides like to say of Jim Clark. On the walls of his office, located on the floor above Democratic headquarters in Philadelphia (he is called "the man upstairs"), Clark has pictures of himself with Roosevelt, Truman and Stevenson. The lat-

est picture, in color, shows him with a smiling Kennedy.

Clark, little known but much obeyed, has developed a reputation for being utterly uncompromising, a rare attitude in a politician, even one who has never run for public office. Compromise, Clark has contended, is weakness. He also demands the strictest loyalty. Sports fans remember how he formed a group that bought the Philadelphia Eagles in 1949, and then fired the team's well-liked coach, Greasy Neale, two years later. One reason was that Neale wanted to retire, an act of disloyalty.

One would have to be absurdly naive about politics, then, to think that Jim Clark, Jack Kelly, Art Rooney and Dan Parish would have any difficulty ending up with interests in Pennsylvania's unborn harness tracks. They were wealthy, reputable and "right."

Lawrence B. Sheppard, however, is absurdly naive about politics. There is not a more prominent or more respected figure in harness racing. He is the owner of Hanover Shoe Farms, where 1,000 standardbreds are grazing today. For eight years he was the forthright and uncompromising president of the U.S. Trotting Association, the Judge Keneaw Mountain Lands of harness racing.

Politically, Sheppard is somewhat to the right of McKinley. He rules his farm and his business, the Hanover Shoe company, like a benevolent dictator. He has no use for middlemen (he operates his own 120 retail stores), or advertising (budget: \$500 a year) or labor unions ("I can afford to quit," he once announced for the benefit of his employees when a union tried to organize his factory. "Can you?").

Above all, he speaks his mind. While

on the War Production Board in World War II he told the Army's Quartermaster Corps that its shoes were causing trench foot. When nobody listened he went to the Western Front and gathered evidence that proved his point. Later, hauled before a Senate committee to explain some of his shoe procurement policies, he easily bested testy Claude Pepper of Florida.

When the Government launched anti-trust action against the trotting association in 1958 Sheppard told the frightened directors to fight back. "The government had scared the poop out of them," he recalls. The association fought, and the Government lost. Even more germane to the present issue, he warned and warned in the '30s that New York, where the sport was controlled by politicians, was faced with a trotting scandal. He was right.

Now, at 63, the well-shod and well-heeled Sheppard has one last dream, to bring Pennsylvania the best harness racing in the world. He accepted his post on the Harness Racing Commission because he saw a chance to fulfill that goal. "I was foolish and naive," he now says. "I didn't understand politicians. Why, one week two of them are enemies, and the next week you pull back the blanket and there they are, side by side." This shocks him.

To compete with, and indeed better, New York's Roosevelt and Yonkers raceways, the unchallenged big brothers of the sport, Sheppard felt Pennsylvania must:

- 1) Use 45% of the track operator's share as racing purses, instead of the 35%-40% paid by most big tracks, including those in New York.
- 2) Have the tracks operated by people with long experience in the sport. Such

## WHAT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK

Harness racing came to New York in 1940 under the most powerful of political auspices. Party and state officials had worked behind the scenes to push the enabling legislation and later turned up as holders of large blocks of stock in harness tracks, stock for which they had paid virtually nothing. By the time New York's scandal broke in 1953, their profit-taking had reached sensational proportions. At the same time, a number of ex-convicts also had infiltrated stockholder lists and labor racketeers controlled the hiring of thousands of track employees, exacting kick-

backs and managing union funds for their own benefit. The murder of one labor extortionist by members of a rival group of racketeers who wanted to share in the loot brought about exposure of the whole mess by a state investigating commission. Subsequently, laws were passed that prohibited politicians and state officials from owning stock or participating in the running of tracks, banned ex-convicts, set up a strong racing commission and cut the percentage of betting that tracks could keep. Almost exactly the same sequence of events occurred at about the same time in Illinois.



IN MOMENT THAT EPITOMIZES RELATIONSHIPS OF COMMISSION MEMBERS, CUSICK (LEFT) AND KANE IGNORE CHAIRMAN SHEPPARD

people could get the best stables to race in Philadelphia, Sheppard repeatedly said.

Pennsylvania has the kind of horsemen Sheppard is talking about, and some were willing to put up \$8 million to \$12 million to finance a track. Among them were Max Hempt and Ward Sullivan, each of whom agreed with Sheppard's thesis about paying 45% for purses. They formed two organizations and applied for Philadelphia-area licenses. Hempt even obtained written promises from five of the country's leading trainers to race at his track.

But Sheppard quickly began getting lesions in practical politics. One week after his appointment as chairman of the Harness Racing Commission in January 1960, he was met in a Harrisburg hotel by Congressman Green and James Clark. The gist, according to Sheppard: would there be any objection to a politician, such as Clark, having a license? "I certainly had none," says Sheppard, "so long as Clark formed a reputable group and planned a good track."

Clark then organized Liberty Bell Racing Association. He and his dapper little Philadelphia lawyer, Francis W. Sullivan, kept all of the voting stock. Other officers included Frank L. McNamee, president of the Eagles, and Eugene

Mori, millionaire president of nearby Garden State race track in New Jersey. Mori, of course, has race track savvy. Presumably, he would also be interested in avoiding a conflict of dates between Garden State and the harness track. Liberty Bell announced it would build a \$12 million track on the Philadelphia-Bucks County line.

Eventually 10 other groups, in addition to those of Hempt and Sullivan, applied for licenses in various areas of the state. But Dan Parish and Art Rooney could not apply. Allegheny County, which includes Pittsburgh, surprised everybody by voting against having a harness track.

"Dan Parish has a high, squeaky voice," says Sheppard. "He went squealing to the governor like a stuck pig. The governor asked me what to do about Dan, and I said let's send him to talk to Jim Clark. He can get in there. But Clark wouldn't let him into Liberty Bell. Hempt would have let him in, but the cut was too small to suit Parish."

Young John Kelly, meanwhile, also went to see Clark, as his father had advised. Kelly was told he would be allowed to join a new group that would include Parish and Rooney. So, through Clark, east met west, forming the Bucks County Racing Association. Parish was named president, Kelly and Rooney

vice-presidents. And the ingenious idea was that the Bucks County group would not build a track at all. It would merely lease Big Jim Clark's. This would give Liberty Bell's track 100 days of racing, 50 in Clark's name, and 50 more through the lease to Parish.

Sheppard learned of this proposed lease through his fellow commissioner, Edward Kane, a man who describes himself as a lifelong—but "not a political"—friend of Clark's. Last January, says Sheppard, he attended a heated meeting with Clark and Kane that shattered the quiet of Bryn Mawr Hospital, where Kane was recovering from a broken leg (he slipped on the ice New Year's Day).

"Clark said he wanted to lease to the Bucks County group, and I said no," recalls Sheppard. "Then Clark said he wanted to pay only 35% for purses, and I said no even louder. Finally Clark said he thought 100 days of racing was all Philadelphia could stand. I can see Gene Mori's ghost standing right over there," I told Clark. (More than 100 days would necessitate a conflict with Garden State.) We got to yelling at each other pretty good. I said I wouldn't consider it, tolerate it, or anything else. That free-loading Parish wanted to pick a fat plum without putting up a nockel. Clark wanted a monopoly on every single day of Philadelphia racing, and they both

*continued on page 66*



**27' 1/2" —  
WORLD'S  
LONGEST  
JUMP**

During a weekend of fine performances in California and New York, Ralph Boston (left) hurled his long, slender body farther than any man before him

*Photograph by Hy Perlin*  
by **TEX MAULE**

Ralph Boston, a tall, slender advanced senior in biochemistry at Tennessee State College, is the best all-around runner and jumper in history. Last Saturday, before an overflow crowd of 11,103 in the small stadium in Modesto, Calif., Boston broad-jumped 27 feet and one-half inch to become the first man ever to accomplish this equivalent of the seven-foot high jump or the four-minute mile—track and field marks that have acquired a peculiar magic.

Boston cleared 27 feet on his fourth jump in an amazing series of six, all over 26 feet, and in so doing stole the spotlight from the lavishly publicized 100-yard dash in which San Jose State's Dennis Johnson, who has tied the world record of 9.3 seconds four times this spring, defeated Oregon's Harry Jerome, who has done it once. Perhaps overly cautious because of the criticism he has had with his fast starts (SI, May 22), Johnson waited stoically in his blocks in this race, and Jerome, a smaller sprinter who starts like a frightened fox, was away two yards in front. But Johnson, running with beautifully relaxed power, caught Jerome about 25 yards from the finish line and passed him cleanly, winning by a full step. Both men were timed in 9.4.

While the year's two most heralded sprinters were running their 9.4s under ideal conditions in Modesto, a steady 24-hour rainfall was flooding the track on New York City's Randall's Island, washing out Friday's trials at the IC4A meet for the first time in 85 years and with them the chance for Villanova University's Frank Budd to prove that he was in a class with his West Coast contemporaries.

The remarkably serene Budd was unperturbed by the possibility of running six races on Saturday. He told *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s Arlie Schardt: "It's the same for everybody." Somehow, Saturday managed to be worse. The rain continued, and with it came a 42° temperature and a blustery wind to prove that day that would balk a football fan in late December. Still Budd churned up the heavy track against 10-mile-an-hour gusts to win the 100 in 9.6 seconds and the 220 in 21.4. Each time he led so decisively that he was looking over his shoulder at the finish.

Budd, who had never won a major race when he edged onto the U.S. track

team last summer and finished fifth in the 100 meters in Rome, has also run the 100 in 9.3 and the 220 in 20.2, the fastest this year for any college sprinter. His coach, Jim Elliott, believes he is now a better 100 man because "he's done more distance work than he believed he could take." Elliott minimizes the importance of Johnson's fast start. "There is no such thing," he says. "Take Armin Hary. He has faster reactions than most people, but he won the Olympic 100 for Germany because he could carry it is stronger. Whoever can drive at the end can win."

Just who can drive best will not be determined until late this month, when Budd, Johnson and Jerome line up together for the first time in the NCAA and AAU championships. The latter meet will also be used to select the team that will tour Europe in July for matches with Russia, Germany, Poland and England.

There are, of course, no doubts about Boston, who accomplished his record broad jump against a field that included Olympians Anthony Watson and Bo Roberson and Oregon State's Darrell Horn, favorite to win the NCAA title.

"I saw Bo do 26 feet 2 inches," Boston said. "I went like this, man." He nibbled at his fingernails. "Then I knew Darrell Horn did 26-3 on a foul jump last week, and Bo's been running all those 9.5 100s lately, so I knew he must be really moving down that runway. I knew I had to jump good."

Boston began jumping good on his first attempt, which carried 26 feet 5 3/4 inches. On his second he reached 26 feet 9 3/4 inches. Oddly enough, probably his best jump in actual distance cleared was his third, which is recorded as 26-5 3/4. On this one he took off some three inches behind the eight-inch-wide take-off board so that the actual carry may have been 27 feet 3 or 4 inches.

Then came the world-record jump. "I didn't think that was it when I came out of the pit," Boston said. "Then Darrell Horn jumped up and hollered 'That's it. That's it.' But it didn't feel that good. The last one felt better." The last one, following a 26-foot 1 3/4-inch attempt, carried 26 feet 10 3/4 inches, giving Boston in one series the first-, third- and fourth-longest jumps in track history. The second longest was his own world record set last year, which, of course, he broke.

Boston does not look the part of the truly great athlete he is. He is a lanky man, sleekly but not heavily muscled, even in the legs, which carry him farther, nearly as fast and almost as high as any legs have ever carried any man.

"I'm going to compete through the Olympics in 1964," he said. "If I can't make it in the broad jump, maybe I can in the decathlon. I've done 9.7 in the hundred and 13.7 in the high hurdles and six feet nine inches in the high jump. I just fool around with the pole vault to win points in meets, and I've made 13-6. Then I threw the javelin 185-3 not long ago. I never put the shot, and the best I ever did with the discus was 125 feet with a high school discus. I'd have to work out with weights if I wanted to enter the decathlon, I guess."

In almost every other event at Modesto the performances were up to expectations. The one glaring failure came in the pole vault. After setting a world record of 15 feet 10 3/4 inches a week earlier 20-year-old George Davies, a sophomore at Oklahoma State who uses a fiber-glass pole, could do no better than 14 feet 6 inches. This seemed to satisfy Don Bragg vastly. He won the event at 15 feet.

#### Other bright performances

But to more than balance the pole vault, there was Jim Beatty, the tiny distance runner from the Santa Clara Youth Village, who won the mile in 3:58.8, although he was handicapped in his bid to regain his American mile record when his teammate and pace setter, Laszlo Tabori, was forced out after the second lap by a week-old hip injury. And there was a 17-year-old high school boy from Andrews, Texas—Ted Nelson, who upset seasoned opposition to win the 440 in 47 even. Finally, there was a relay team from little Texas Southern, a Negro college, which surprised everybody by winning two races.

"I had invited the Houston team," said Meet Director Tom Moore, "but their coach, Johnny Morris, said he had too many injuries. He told me about Texas Southern. Their coach called and asked if I would bring his boys up, but I could only give him \$700 for expenses, although the trip costs \$1,200."

Texas Southern came anyway and won both the 440- and 880-yard relays over first-class Abilene Christian and San Jose State.

END

# CANDIDATE FOR ELECTION TO AN EXCLUSIVE CLUB

by WHITNEY TOWER

If he wins this week's 93rd running of the Belmont Stakes, Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner Carry Back will achieve a distinction that in nearly 100 years of American Thoroughbred racing has come to only eight other horses. The last champion to win this Triple Crown of U.S. classics was the great Citation, and that was 13 years ago. Before him, the roster is almost as impressive: Sir Barton (1919), Gallant Fox (1930), Omaha (1935), War Admiral (1937), Whirlaway (1941), Count Fleet (1943) and Assault (1946).

Even more of a distinction for Carry Back if he makes the list is the fact that he will bring about the election of his officially registered owner, Mrs. Jack

Price, into racing's ultraexclusive club: those who owned a Triple Crown winner. The eight former champions (each of whom earned a special three-sided silver trophy put up by the Thoroughbred Racing Associations) were owned by six individuals (see below), ranging from an athletic Canadian gambler to a Wall Street banker to the owner of the country's largest ranch. Moreover, of this group of six, only one was a woman. Like Katherine Price, Mrs. John D. Hertz, owner of Count Fleet, operated her racing stable—and still does—in partnership with her husband.

For Katherine Price to crash this select group on Saturday, Carry Back will probably have to do something more

than step onto Belmont's famous track and parade for the crowd. The Belmont is a mile-and-a-half test. In the absence of such previous, familiar pace-setters as Crozier and Globemaster, who may be tired of losing to Carry Back, there is always the danger that if Jockey John Sellers and Carry Back loaf too much for the first mile, a solitary front-runner like Hitting Away could steal the race.

But despite the additional threat of stretch-runners like Ambrosio, Flatterby, Dr. Miller and Bal Musette, Carry Back will be the odds-on favorite. He should write the chapter of racing history for which the sport has been waiting impatiently since Citation and the Belmont Stakes of 1948.



**JOHN H. L. ROSS**, born in Lindsay, Ontario in 1876, didn't start racing until 1915. Before that he had achieved fame as an athlete (squash, football and hockey) at McGill University and served as a commander in the Royal Canadian Navy. A good horseman, Ross also fancied himself as an able gambler. At first he was dead right. In 1919 he took his 3-year-old maiden, Sir Barton, put Jockey Johnny Loftis aboard, placed a \$250,000 bet on the pair and watched them win the Kentucky Derby by five lengths. The first Triple Crown was his when Sir Barton won the Preakness and Belmont easily. He gambled away most of \$10 million and died, almost a forgotten man, in 1951. He was buried at sea off Montego Bay.



**WILLIAM WOODWARD**, owner of Belair Stud, was the president of New York's Hanover National Bank and influential in racing as chairman of The Jockey Club from 1930 to 1949. Once he wanted to set Eddie Arcaro down for life (for dangerously rough riding), then grudgingly lifted the suspension after one year. When Gallant Fox and later his son, Omaha, swept the classics within five years, Woodward became the first double winner of the Triple Crown. Both colts were trained by Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, who nearly won a third grand slam for the Woodwards in 1955. But that year his Kentucky Derby favorite, Nashua, was defeated by Swaps before going on to win both the Preakness and the Belmont.



**SAMUEL D. RIDDLE**, active in racing for 65 of his 90 years, will always be better known as the man who bought Man o' War for \$5,000 in 1918 than as the man who won the Triple Crown with Man o' War's son, War Admiral, in 1937. Riddle mingled, raced and rode with the highest of society wherever he went but reserved his special affections for his horses. On the hunt-meeting circuit around Pennsylvania and Maryland, Riddle enjoyed the reputation of being both a good rider and a fearless competitor. War Admiral took a cue from his owner, as the Derby favorite he won by beating 19 other horses. He beat seven in the Preakness, and only six dared test him in the Belmont. He won by three lengths.





**KATHERINE PRICE**, a gracious, poised woman with a charming smile, says, "I've been a racing fan for 25 years. Sometimes it was uncomfortable, but I always went with Jack." What has helped make it comfortable for the last year and a half are the hours spent adding up Carry Back's winnings: \$739,068. Mrs. Price, called Kay by co-owner and trainer Jack Price (she usually calls him Jay), was the eldest of five daughters and one of 10 children born to Edward and Sarah Boyle of Cleveland. Most of her childhood was spent in Burlington, Vt., but she moved back to Cleveland in 1930 at the age of 20 and met Price while she was working there in a candy shop. They were married on Friday, the 13th (of August), 1931. Parents of two daughters, they live in Miami, often visit Ocala Stud, where Carry Back was foaled.



**WARREN WRIGHT** made most of his money manufacturing Calumet Baking Powder (Calumet is the Indian word for peace pipe). He went into Thoroughbred racing in 1931 and did better than most novices with a stable he called Calumet Farm. With Wright the accent was on winning, as it still is with Calumet. Although Wright died in 1950, his widow Lucille (now Mrs. Gene Mackey) operates the most successful racing stable ever put together. Whirlaway and Citation gave Warren Wright two Triple Crown winners. Three years ago this month Calumet seemed to be only a quarter of a mile from a third one, when Tim Tam broke down in the Belmont stretch and finished second to an unheralded Irish-bred named Cavan.



**MRS. JOHN D. HERTZ** has been married for 57 years to the Austrian-born entrepreneur who started as a Chicago newsboy, founded the Yellow Cab Company in 1915 and then moved on to the immensely profitable rental business. The former Fannie Kestner of Chicago, Mrs. Hertz has shared her husband's interest in racing since he bought his first horse in 1921. Seven years later she entered her first horse, Reigh Count, in the Derby. He won. In 1939 the Hertzys bought Stoner Creek Stud in Paris, Ky., and there Reigh Count's son, Count Fleet, was foaled. Called by Johnny Longden "the greatest horse I ever rode," Count Fleet swamped his Triple Crown opposition in 1943, leading every step of the way in all three races.



**ROBERT J. KLEBERG JR.** owns a piece of land in Texas that is somewhat larger than the state of Rhode Island. It is known as the King Ranch. Bob Kleberg and his family have been horsemen and top cattlemen for years. Kleberg is a methodical student of bloodlines as well as a keen and respected sportsman. He and his trainer, Max Baer, won the Triple Crown in 1946 with the partially crippled Assault. This week Owner Kleberg finds himself in a unique position. Of the six members of the Triple Crown owners society (only he and Mrs. Hertz are still living), Kleberg alone has the opportunity to keep Mr. Price out. He, too, has a horse in the Belmont—Bal Musette. But few believe Bal Musette can beat Carry Back.

END

# Bald Is for Fishes

It is well known to science that fish without hair swim the fastest, but the same is not necessarily true of human beings. This quartet of racing mermen from Florida's Fort Lauderdale High sheared their locks for streamlining, but the boys proved better Brynners than swimmers. None of the four, Lee Kangsmill, Charles King, Mike Moore and Jim Harrison, managed to take a first in the Florida class AA high school meet, and their team as a whole finished third in the male section. Ironically, Fort Lauderdale High's mermaids, who made no concessions to streamlining, won the girls' title hands down, hair and all.

*Photograph by Francis Hall—  
Miami Daily News*







## CHARLIE FINLEY AND BUGS BUNNY IN K.C.

by REX LARDNER

With high-powered hustle and gimmicks like a mechanical rabbit, baseball's newest owner (left) hopes to charm reluctant Kansas City fans

Charles O. Finley, the owner of the Kansas City Athletics, is a handsome, compact, white-haired man with aggressive black eyebrows and a chummy disposition who looks older than his 42 years. His relation to his ball club is less that of an owner than that of a love slave. As befits a self-made millionaire businessman, when Finley relaxes at his home in Gary, Ind. or at his baseball headquarters in a tower suite at the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City, he voices certain credos. One of them is, "Sweat and sacrifice spell success." Another is, "I may be outsmarted but nobody can out hustle me."

You can believe it. Charlie Finley is a ball of fire, a plunger ("You have to spend money to make money"), a baseball revolutionary and an experimenter. When his general manager, Frank Lane, an experimenter himself, recently persuaded the field manager, Joe Gordon, to sit up in the press box to see if that was a better place from which to guide the destinies of the team, Finley topped him. Finley requested permission to have a telephone line installed between the um-

pire and Gordon, so that if Gordon disagreed with a decision, instead of clamoring down onto the field, he could merely dial the umpire. The request was refused. Gordon tried the experiment twice, decided its disadvantages outweighed its advantages and is now managing from the dugout.

Finley has admitted, and Lane repeatedly seconds it, that he does not know much about baseball. But with an incredible amount of zest Finley is putting into practice all the flamboyant ideas he has been nurturing for at least seven years—the length of time it took him to nail down a major league baseball club. Few ball clubs, it must be acknowledged, have needed a Charlie Finley more.

The purchase of the A's by Insurance Broker Finley was a dream, as they say, come true. Afraid of nothing, least of all a cliché, Finley declares: "I was so hungry for a ball club I could taste it." Back in 1954 he had tried to buy a controlling interest in Connie Mack's Athletics when they were in Philadelphia. Arnold Johnson beat him to it. "I thought I'd be cute and show up 10 minutes before the

scheduled time," Finley recalls. "But Johnson was even cuter. Mack's daughters verified his credit with a phone call and Johnson had his ball club. I had a check just as big as Johnson's, but I never got the chance to wave it."

In 1956 Finley entered into a scramble to buy a piece of the Detroit Tigers. Thwarted there, two years later he vainly went after the Chicago White Sox. Then last year, in a two-week period, he made 10 airplane flights (three of them coast to coast) in a futile effort to obtain the Los Angeles Angels franchise. No sooner had the door slammed in his face on that project than he swooped down on the moribund Kansas City Athletics.

Here Finley found himself faced by somewhat reluctant competition—a syndicate formed by eight Kansas City businessmen. When it became known that Johnson's widow (Johnson had died on March 10, 1960) planned to sell her stock to help pay taxes on the estate, they banded together to purchase a controlling interest in the club—mainly to make sure it would not stagger out of Kansas City. The season had been mighty glum for

players and fans alike. In addition to Johnson's death casting a pall over the club, the players engaged in frequent squabbles with their despairing manager, Bob Elliott, and many of them played lackadaisical ball. ("It seemed sometimes like they were making out on purpose," a front-office veteran has commented.) After the middle of July, the team never rose from its niche in the cellar. Kansas City fans—among the world's most loyal—found the situation depressing. Attendance dropped to 774,944, the lowest since the A's were transplanted from Philadelphia.

#### 100% ownership

"Losing our ball club would have been a black eye the city would have had a hard time getting over," one of the eight said recently. "Admittedly, none of us wanted to be part owners of a ball club—but we were desperate. Then Finley's bid came." Finley bought 52% of the stock from Johnson's estate for \$1,975,000. That was on December 19. In February he paid about the same amount for the rest. He is now that rarity—a sole owner, the only other in the American League being Tom Yawkey of the Boston Red Sox.

It is a situation Finley relishes. Around 2 o'clock on a recent Sunday afternoon in Kansas City, when gloowering gray clouds pressed down on Municipal Stadium in the early innings of a game between the A's and Orioles, Finley, wearing a cap just like the ballplayers', picked up the phone in his box directly behind the Athletics' dugout to call the organist. "Play *It Ain't Gonna Rain No More*," Finley instructed.

A few moments later, to the delight of the fans, the lilting strains of that tune rocked over the public-address system. Finley removed the cigar from his mouth, worried the shell off a peanut and then beamed. "That's the beauty of being a 100% owner," he confided. "You don't have to consult a board of directors or stockholders to put your inspirations into practice." Owner Finley had spoken to the organist and the organist had relayed the message to the elements. The rain, knowing what was good for it, held off.

It is doubtful if any owner or part owner has ever been as solicitous about the comfort of the fan or the peace of mind of his players, or has identified himself so closely with the success of his ball club—to the horror of Frank Lane as Finley. "This club has got to go," he asserts, "or poor old Charlie Finley

will be out of business. And that's not going to happen."

Finley has sweated and sacrificed and spent a lot of money to see that it doesn't happen. His first act, after acquiring the club, was to hire Lane, the busiest trader in baseball, at the highest salary a general manager has ever received—about \$100,000 a year. Finley also presented Lane with a Mercedes-Benz.

Then began the most ambitious two-pronged courtship in baseball history—Finley's wooing of disenchanted K.C. fans and the romancing of his ballplayers. He made scores of speeches before civic groups of all kinds, sometimes as many as five a day. Standing on the

steps of City Hall, he burned the contract which gave the owner the legal right to move the team out of the city if the annual attendance dropped below 850,000. He let it be known that neither he nor Pat Friday, an insurance employee of Finley's whom Finley made vice-president and treasurer of the A's—was drawing a nickel of salary from the club. He placed three prominent citizens on his board of directors. Aware that many Kansas Citizens were disgruntled over Johnson's trades of their favorite ballplayers (such as Roger Maris) to the Yankees, Finley arranged for a bus-burning. He bought an old bus, symbolic of the "shuttling" of players between

continued

POP-UP RABBIT DELIVERS BASEBALLS TO PLATE UMPIRE, HAS SCARED SOME BATTERS



Kansas City and The Bronx, had gasoline poured on and got Frank Lane to set it aflame. (This was before events in Alabama made the sight of a burning bus a symbol of lynch law.) "No more deals with the Yankees!" Finley proclaimed to the excited fans. Lane forthwith announced that, *on contravene*, he would make deals with the Yankees or any ball club if he felt it would help the A's. This was not the last of the altercations between Finley and his general manager.

#### Stadium improvements

When the subject of the ball park is mentioned, Finley's eyes light up. "I poured half a million dollars of my own money into improvements on a municipally owned stadium," he says. "And now I've got the sexiest-looking ball park in the country." It will may be. The new field box seats Finley has installed are painted citrus yellow, the reserved seats and bleachers are desert turquoise, the upright beams are yellowish orange and two vertical pink fluorescent lights mark the ends of the foul lines. The wall outside the park was sandblasted and painted yellow. Finley felt the area was too dark outside, so he had quartz lights that shed an amber glow installed every 50 feet around the stadium. He lengthened and lowered the players' dugouts and had fluorescent lights installed in them so that, during night games, the fans could see what the team at bat and its manager were doing. "I look at it from the fans' point of view," Finley says. "I like to see what's going on in the dugout—the strategy being planned and so on. So I figure everybody would like to see, too."

Finley has had a picnic grounds built out by left field—the most hospitable in the majors—where fans can bask in the shade of 10 sugar maple trees and munch on potato salad while watching the ball game. Carriage lights illuminate the area at night. He installed a device next to the center-field scoreboard on which letters light up to form messages called Fan-A-Grams. Admittedly, this is no innovation, but some of the messages, such as "Welcome to Paul Richards and his tribe of chirping Orioles," may be.

He had a tunnel finished that saves fans who have to reach the lower seats a dreary climb up and a dreary climb down. He arranged to have the radio broadcasts of the games piped into the rest rooms, and outfitted the ushers with

natty jackets and air-cooled light blue hats. Before games, Finley has two sheep busy nibbling away to keep the grass short on an embankment behind the right-field wall. Someday soon he plans to add a few more, with the herd dyed various bright colors.

In a move more strategic than picturesque, he relocated a large light tower in left field so the left-field wall could be set back about 40 feet. It was to help K.C. pitchers. "Last year," he says, "our opponents got 43 home runs and the A's only 32 over that wall. We don't have any right-handed power hitters and it's stupid to give away easy home runs to the opposition. Now the fence is a respectable 370 feet from the plate." He also had the K.C. pitchers' bullpen moved from behind the center-field fence to a spot along the right-field foul line, eliminating the necessity for relief pitchers to be chauffeured to within walking distance of the mound. "I think the auto ride made them self-conscious," he says. "It didn't seem like baseball."

But Finley's two most interesting innovations are a device for supplying the plate umpire with baseballs when he needs them and a mechanism that saves him the bother of bending over and dusting off home plate. The first is a rabbit with blinking eyes, wearing an A's home uniform, that rises from an invisible spot in the grass to the right of the plate umpire. Between the ears of the rabbit, who is called Harvey, is a cage of baseballs. The cover magically flings itself open and the umpire helps himself. The ascent of the rabbit is accompanied by an ascending whistle, while his disappearance into the ground is accompanied by a descending whistle. Simultaneously the organist plays *Here Comes Peter Cottontail*. The other innovation is called "Little Blowhard." It is a compressed-air device whose spout is in the center of the plate. When needed, air jets out to blow dirt off. A few enemy batters have been startled by Little Blowhard or Harvey the first time they encountered them, one of them leaping nearly a foot in the air.

Ingenuously equipped, the stadium is carefully tended. Finley's groundkeeper, George Toma, he asserts, is the best in baseball. "The Yankees are trying to get him away from me, but they won't." The stadium has one of the fastest infield tarpaulin-unrolling crews in the majors (they beat the Yankees last year in a race), and the men who line the baselines and the batters' boxes have the keenest eyes in baseball. Attending a game in

Kansas City, particularly at night, is a kind of sybaritic delight, with the Fan-A-Gram communicating the owner's messages, the organ beating out music pertinent to the crowd's mood, Harvey popping up and blinking, Little Blowhard spewing, the picnic area aglow, the grass shiny and emeraldlike under the beam of powerful spots.

Frank Lane does not share Finley's enthusiasm for Harvey and some of the other spectacles at the stadium. "He's trying to out-veeck Bill Veeck," Lane says wryly. "But Veeck has the horses. What makes a fan come to a ball park is a team that makes one more run than the other guys. If the team doesn't do well, I don't think the fans are going to give a damn for Bugs Bunny."

#### One happy family

Finley does not expect the team to perform miracles—at least this season. He would be pleased to see them play .500 ball, which they are not quite up to yet, and finish somewhere in the middle of the league. He does want a happy team, though, and he has shown himself to be the kindest owner in baseball. He told the players, when spring training started, to come to him if they had any problems. He treated them all to an expensive supper in one of Palm Beach's most exclusive clubs and gave them each a \$150 clock-radio. He announced that if they finished in the first division he would tear up their contracts and give them all retroactive raises in pay. A couple of weeks ago he invited all the wives and sweethearts of the players to accompany the team to Chicago and then had them out to his farm in La Porte, Ind. for a cookout. He rearranged the schedule to give the players Monday off and changed Saturday night home games to the afternoon. Do the players appreciate it? "I never saw a team with such spirit," asserts Finley. "After we lost one game in the 10th that we should have won, Jerry Lume, our second baseman, sat in the clubhouse crying as though we'd lost the last game of the World Series. Other players had tears in their eyes."

The players can hardly help but be grateful for his attentions, though they may be somewhat confused—in the manner of a suspect getting the hard and the soft treatment from a pair of knowledgeable detectives. "You have to appreciate what Charlie's trying to do," a regular has commented. "We're not a great ball club, but he's showing us



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Lane thinks Finley's solicitude toward the team is absurd. "Let the ballplayers show you how much they appreciate you," he says dourly. "Not the other way around. They don't go for these shenanigans—trips for their wives and so on. Let 'em play ball."

For his part, Lane has tried gamely to strengthen the team by making trades. He got for the A's, among other players, Pitchers Jim Archer and Joe Nuxhall, Infielder Wayne Causey, First Baseman Bob Boyd and Outfielder Al Pihlak. He also purchased Pitcher Ed Rakow from the Dodgers. All these moves have had Finley's approval. A few other changes Lane has tried to make have been overruled by Finley—a circumstance that has caused rumors to fly that Lane would quit the club the first chance he got. Lane denies vehemently that he plans to leave. Finley says if Lane wants to leave he is welcome to go. However, he would be breaking his four-year contract. Lane calls his differences with Finley "discussions," but it does not appear that he has won a discussion yet—the first time around, anyway.

Both Gordon and Lane wanted to send Pitcher Ken Johnson to Toronto, but Finley insisted on giving him another chance. Johnson pitched against Baltimore and failed to get past the first inning. The A's lost. Lane's comment was, "If we're going to continue spring training into July, we'll drop so many games it won't be funny." Finley's was, "Lane was right, but I was right, too. I want to give our ballplayers every possible chance to make the team." Johnson was shipped to Toronto.

In another case, when the team had to cut down by one player in May, Lane and Gordon wanted to send Pitcher Norman Bass to Shreveport. Finley wanted to give Bass a chance to show what he could do (he had a 1-0 record), and Leo Posada, an outfielder who bats righty, was sent to Shreveport instead. Bass pitched well against Chicago in his time of trial, though losing, and then won a game, vindicating Finley's judgment. "Well," said Lane resignedly, "if this team can't experiment, who the hell can? Finley has sunk four and a half million into the club, if he thinks he's protecting his investment by disregarding the advice of experts, I can't argue."

Finley, who was born in Birmingham, and was a bat boy for the Birmingham

continued



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**2. With the Captive-Air Safety Shield.** This tough nylon-and-steel cord "inner spare" makes this the *only* premium tire that gives you a *second chance*. A second chance against punctures. A second chance against *any* road hazard that threatens your tires, your trip, even your life. If the outer tire is ever damaged, the Captive-Air Shield carries the load—for up to 100 miles!



**3. Remarkable guarantee.** So confident are we that a Captive-Air Double Eagle won't go flat, we've backed it with a unique guarantee: If it *ever* goes flat from *any* cause, Goodyear will (1) pay for your road service, (2) replace the inner shield *free*, and (3) give you full allowance for all unused tread wear if the outer tire is damaged. *Any* Goodyear dealer will make good on it. And there are over 60,000 of them all over the country.

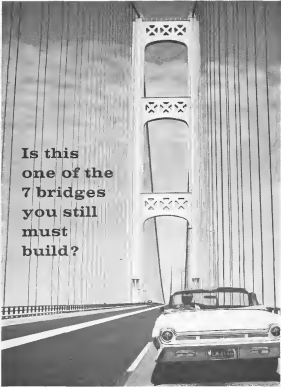
**4. Introductory offer.** So you won't have to settle for less, your Goodyear dealer is offering a special introductory trade-in allowance for a limited time only on Captive-Air Double Eagles. Terms? Of course. You can "charge it" at your Goodyear dealer's . . . or he'll arrange convenient budget terms. It's all intended to make it easy for you to own "the finest tire man can make and money can buy!"

Captive-Air Double Eagle...the tire that doesn't go flat

# GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Double Eagle, Captive-Air, T M's, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron 16, Ohio.



**Is this  
one of the  
7 bridges  
you still  
must  
build?**

For your wife, of course, you want to build the strongest bridge of life insurance you can to provide financial security and independence, not just for part of her life, but for all of it.

Such a span actually is composed of seven separate bridges. You've probably used life insurance to build one bridge that will see your wife across the years when the children are growing. Most men do that first. And they should. But what then?

If that's where the life insurance ends, what will she do? Return to work? (Difficult after all these years.) Think of remarriage? Move in with the children? Become dependent upon others?

Certainly, these are not the choices you want her to face. You can make sure that she never has to. You can do it by building one of the most important of the seven bridges every man must build in his lifetime—the bridge that begins when the children are grown. The person who can provide the most practical kind of help is a Union Central Life representative. He'd like an opportunity to prove it. Why not call him soon?

**The UNION  
CENTRAL  
LIFE Insurance Company**  
Cincinnati, Ohio

JOHN A. LLOYD, President • A mutual company—founded in 1867

FINLEY continued

Barons in the Southern Association, made his money mainly by selling a special kind of insurance to physicians and surgeons. The policies, which are held by nearly 70,000 doctors in this country, protect the holder's earning power over a period of years in the event that he gets sick or is unable to practice because of an injury. If injured permanently, the holder receives payments for life. "The idea wasn't new," says Finley. "My policy just offered a great deal more coverage than my rivals' for a modest increase in premiums."

Finley devised this kind of policy as a result of being sick himself. In 1946 he contracted pneumonic tuberculosis—"the worst kind"—from working too hard. An ulcer had kept him out of the Army during the war, so he worked in an ordinance factory in Indiana and spent his spare time selling policies for the Travelers Insurance Company. In 1945 he quit war work to devote all his time to selling insurance. In one 12-month period he broke the company record for policies sold, but he also lost a lot of weight and developed a hacking cough.

A doctor to whom he was trying to sell a policy wondered about the cough and X-rayed him, diagnosing TB. He was right. Finley, who carried no health insurance himself, was laid up in a Crown Point, Ind. sanatorium for over two years. His wife Shirley took a job reading proof on a Gary newspaper.

It was a dark time for Finley. "I had plenty of time to think and worry," he said. "I was determined to recover, though. If I couldn't hold down a meal, I immediately ordered another. Sometimes I had to reorder twice. I had the sweats about three times a day and I made a game out of it. I'd whisk the sweat from my forehead with a forefinger and snap it at the wall, trying to make a big circle. Some days I did and others I didn't. My weight went down to 108 pounds and people said I was going to die. But one day I didn't wake up sweating at the usual time and I knew I had it licked."

On the grim road to recovery, Finley turned his attention, logically enough, to protecting a breadwinner's earning power. He pored over statistics and actuarial tables to puzzle out his insurance plan. On his discharge, he scouted around for a year before finding a company that would handle his policies. Continental Casualty finally took them

continued

FATHER'S DAY IS JUNE 18



Dad wears Colorama I Overdown Sport Shirt, \$5.00\*. Also shown (left to right), Humble Cloth Overdown, \$5.00, Colorama II, \$5.00\*, Meane Butler Swimset, \$10.00

\*Slightly higher retail at McGREGOR

## KEEP DAD LOOKING YOUNG... GIVE HIM COLORIFIC COTTONS

Color rides high in these great new shirts and dyed-to-match swim sets...each a perfect choice for Dad on his big day, June 18. See these and others at your favorite store now!

# McGREGOR<sup>®</sup>

Also for boys, boyfriends. Made in Canada, too. For store nearest you, write McGREGOR-Designer, Inc., 666 Fifth Ave., New York 15, N.Y. or in N.Y.C. call GI 5-0800.

# Fortunate father Ernie Klack

gets Carter's knitted  
boxer shorts from  
his Klack claque

Observe the fitting tribute to  
the head of the family — Carter's  
new knit boxers. And how they fit!  
Wife Irma and the kids know that  
Ernie always welcomes the trim  
looks and soft comfort of these  
cotton knit shorts. And Irma's  
well aware that they never need  
ironing (Carter's made ironing  
obsolete years ago — so if you  
didn't know). Singularly smart  
suggestion for spoiling a man: gifts  
of boxer shorts knitted by Carter's.



*Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it unlivable (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.*

**Carter's**  
THE WILLIAM CARTER CO. NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

KNITS EVERY UNDERWEAR STYLE —  
BRIEFS... T-SHIRTS... ATHLETIC SHIRTS

FOR FATHER'S DAY, Ernie says: "Make it new 'Neat Print' Knit Boxers — I'm wearing them above" ... \$1.75 at these and other fine stores: BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Company • BROOKLYN, Field Brothers • CHICAGO, Saks — All Stores • CLEVELAND, The May Company • DENVER, May D. & F. • DES MOINES, Yonkers • DETROIT, The J. L. Hudson Company • FLINT, A. M. Devco Company • HARRISBURG, Pomeroy's • LOS ANGELES, Silverwoods; Bufocks — Downtown, Westwood, Pasadena, Santa Ana • NEW YORK, B. Altman & Company; Franklin Simon • PORTLAND, Rosenblyeth, Downtown & Lloyd Center • ROCHESTER, Sibley's • SYRACUSE, The Adco Company • ST. LOUIS, Famous-Barr — All Stores • SEATTLE, Tacoma, Klepfenstein's • TUCSON, Levy's, Downtown & El Con.

on and they were so popular Finley soon left the firm to found Charles O. Finley & Company Inc. in Chicago. Today the Finley Company does about \$20 million worth of business a year as the country's largest insurance brokerage firm specializing in group insurance. By 1954 Finley had amassed some \$5 million and felt solvent enough to begin his pursuit of a major league ball club. The K.C. A's are not his only club, however. An ardent sports fan and a former first baseman on several Indiana semipro teams, he now sponsors two teams in semipro leagues in Indiana—the Gary Athletics and the La Porte Athletics (formerly the Cubs). He also sponsors a Gary Little League team called the Little Athletics (formerly the Little Giants).

His doctor, naturally, warns him to take things easy, and he claims he does. "I get my six hours' sleep a night, or the equivalent," he says, "and I keep my belly full. I'm like a horse. I can sleep anywhere. I smoke too many cigars but hardly drink at all. My main vice is fried chicken, practically burnt, like we used to have in Birmingham."

Kansas Citians wonder about his psychic energy, but by and large they think highly of Charlie Finley—if not of all his spectacles. Citizens living near the stadium protested so much about the noisy fireworks that they were banned last week. A poignant message appeared on the Fan-A-Gram: "Thirty thousand dollars' worth of fireworks for sale cheap." The Chamber of Commerce, though, dotes on him. One of the members of the corporation that nearly bought the club recently said that every few weeks he and his colleagues get together just for the purpose of thanking God for Charlie Finley. Most Kansas Citians are happy to see someone lavish attention on the ball club. They miss Roger Maris and hope that Lane won't trade away Dick Howser, the shortstop who many think will be named Rookie of the Year. Mayor Roe Bartle says that Finley has put more spirit into the city than anyone in the past decade. "He holds the heart of the city in the palm of his hand," says the mayor.

Finley, who plans to move to K.C. after his 17-year-old son (one of seven children) completes high school, welcomes the presence of the mayor at ball games. He has had one of the armrests torn out in the box next to his so the mayor, who weighs 300 pounds, can

*continued*

## CHARLEY CONERLY EXPLAINS, "An ad like this got me to try TRIG. But ads aren't the reason I use it!"

CHARLEY CONERLY, VETERAN QUARTERBACK OF THE N.Y. FOOTBALL GIANTS



**CHARLEY SAYS:** "I'm like anybody. I'll lay out money to try almost anything new—once. But I've stayed with TRIG. It's the one deodorant I've found that does the job right . . . and does it easy. I go for the roll-on feature. And it smells good and clean—like shaving lotion, not perfume!" TRIG protects a man against odor up to 27 hours, against perspiration all day. It goes on fast, smells right. Try TRIG.

BOSTON MYERS BAKES IT



**TRIG® KEEPS A MAN SO ODOR-FREE A BLOODHOUND COULDN'T FIND HIM!**

# the next time you see Paris



...make it the Paris of the Western World, scintillating, sophisticated Buenos Aires. LAN-CHILE Airlines serves this brilliant, cosmopolitan metropolis...and it costs almost the same as a round trip to Paris.

Incredible? Have your travel agent verify it. Only \$538.00 round trip, tourist class, from New York.

While you're there, ask him about other LANmarks on the intriguing face of South America...Lima, Santiago, Montevideo, the Andean lakes, the ski slopes of Portillo, sky-high Machu Picchu. LAN-CHILE Airlines can take you there this summer. Swiftly, Dependably, Comfortably. Everywhere. At equally attractive fares.

## FLY NOW...PAY MAÑANA PLAN

Better book with your travel agent soon.  
Good news travels fast too!

THE AIRLINE THAT KNOWS  
SOUTH AMERICA BEST...

**LAN-CHILE**

NOW IN ITS 33RD YEAR



NEW YORK: 505 Park Avenue, CH 4-3444 / 835 Fifth Avenue, EL 5-5383 / CHICAGO:  
37 South Wabash Avenue, DE 3-3729 / LOS ANGELES: 518 West 6th Street, MA 7-4293 /  
MIAMI: 18 Biscayne Boulevard, FR 7-4763 / DENVER / HOUSTON

FINLEY (continued)

slide in. The mayor is a symbol of the support of the city for the club and, having huge lungs and a penetrating voice, is good at rattling enemy pitchers.

Several nights ago, when the Yankees paid the city a visit, it looked as though trouble might be brewing in a late inning for Yankee Pitcher Whitey Ford. "Why don't you yell at him?" suggested Finley, leaning over into the mayor's box. A few minutes before, Finley had taken a phone call from his daughter at Northwestern. She had turned on the radio and was listening to the White Sox game, but the announcer never mentioned the A's-Yankees score. Finley told her the A's were behind. Presumably she was disappointed. "But we'll get 'em, honey, don't you worry," Finley assured her as he hung up.

The mayor was hollering at Ford. "Heeccccey, Whitey! They're warming up a pitcher in the bullpen for you, Whitey! You can't see that plate!" Somebody handed him a cardboard beer carton with the bottom hacked out and he used it as a megaphone. "I remember you when you were a Kansas City Blue, Whitey!" he hollered. "You're still bluuuuuuue!" Ford presently was batted out of the box, to the immense gratification of the crowd, and the mayor stood up to face the fans, his arms held aloft. Luis Arroyo came in to replace Ford. Up popped Harvey, eyes blinking, wearing a self-satisfied expression. "You can't do it, Loucecccce! Ohhhhh, Loucecccce! There's a pitcher warming up for you, Loucecccce!" The A's began hitting again, and Finley excitedly jumped up, removed his cap, leaned over the dugout and, hollering encouragement, waved the runners around the bases. When the Yankees finally came to bat, the mayor, who is pretty versatile, rattled Hector Lopez. "You can't hit that ball, Hector!" he cried. "You can't hit, you Panamanian! They're taking over the Panama Canal, Hector!"

When the game was won, Finley replaced his cap and gave the mayor his due. "You knocked Whitey Ford out of the box," he told the mayor. "I'm hoarse," the mayor rasped, "but it was worth it." "Kansas City is back in the major leagues," asserted Finley. Elated at licking the Yankees, the team they most enjoy beating, the A's scrambled into the dugout, and you had the feeling that maybe Charlie Finley was right. Love may find a way.

END



## Recognized on seven continents and seven seas as one of the great cameras of the world

Kodak Retina Reflex Cameras are owned by ski champions and Nobel Prize winners, explorers and artists, ship captains and race-car drivers; by amateurs and professionals alike.

They are in use in Ceylon and Santiago, Dakar and St. Moritz. Two were reported recently in the Antarctic!

The Kodak Retina Reflex III is the newest of these world-famous, single-lens reflex cameras. And it is distinguished for the same reasons as its predecessors are: What goes into it. And what comes out of it.

### What goes into it

By the time the "EK" serial number is engraved, each camera has been given some 500 tests and checks by 170 different technicians.

The training of Kodak Retina artisans begins with nearly four years in a special school. Its sole aim is to graduate the most highly skilled camera craftsmen in the world.

And because the Kodak Retina Camera heritage goes back 27 years,

a single family may contain two and even three generations of these craftsmen. Their skill is part of this camera's excellence.

### What comes out of it

The Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera can freeze a tiger in its tracks, or put the bloom of a rose beyond the touch of time. Its capabilities are as great as the imagination of its owner.

Yet it is beautifully uncomplicated, and therefore ideal for pictures of travel, sports and family activities.

### Surprises in store

Expect some pleasant surprises from this exceptional 35mm camera.

You view and focus *through the lens*—see your subject as the lens does, and almost life-size.

You can set exposure precisely without taking the camera from your eye. Simply center the needle of the photoelectric exposure control between two brackets in the viewfinder.

You choose shutter speeds up to 1/500; advance film with one flick of your thumb. You command distance and breadth of view with a wide choice of interchangeable Kodak Retina Lenses, from 28mm wide-angle to 135mm telephoto.

### An excellent investment

The Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera grows as your interests grow, through specialized photo aids. And it will continue to reward you with superb pictures—color slides, color prints and black-and-whites—for years to come.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Retina Reflex III. The "EK" in the serial number is proof of legal import by Kodak, duty-paid and certified. Camera with 50mm f/2.8 lens, less than \$215; with 50mm f/1.9, on camera below, less than \$250. Ask your dealer for exact retail prices. Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down. Prices are subject to change without notice.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

## KODAK RETINA REFLEX III CAMERA



Kodak  
TRADE MARK



Photographs by Richard Meek

## ***Eye on the Wind***

**A**n ocean race is a time of no rest. The fresh headwinds of morning die to fitful zephyrs in the midwatch. And though the boat may be alone on a vast circle of ocean, the man at the wheel must keep his eyes on the sails, and his watchmates must be ready to change and trim sails to meet every shift. On these and the following pages Photographer Richard Meek, who was on board the 72-foot yawl *Escapade* for the seven-day Miami-to-Jamaica race, records tension, strain—and beauty—as *Escapade* moves forward, morning and evening, to her eventual, deserved victory.

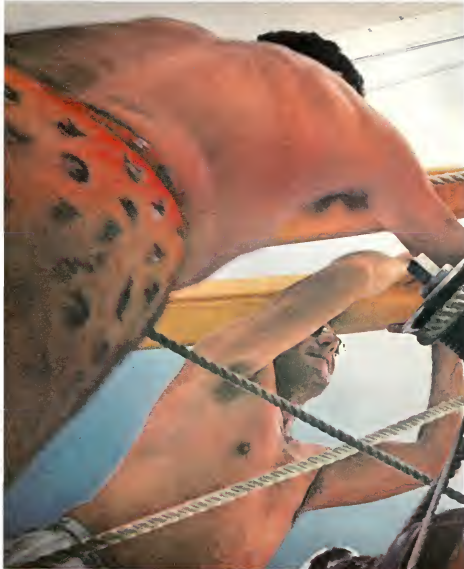
**I**n the middle of the night helmsman Don Ayres (left) peers upward at the masthead to see if the sails are full and drawing. On the morning watch Peter Bowker (right) keeps up the never-ending scrutiny as the ship heels to a strong breeze.







**H**alfway from Miami to Jamaica, crewman Jack Suter (left) hangs on above the rush of water as he inches forward to clear a line for the men on the winch. With the line clear, Peter Bowker and Ray George heave on the winch, trimming the headsails to keep the big yawl driving.





**G**etting ready to jibe, the foredeck crew secures a spinnaker pole to its steel track, creating a forceful pattern of straining arms and taut lines with the upward thrust of the mast.







**I**n the predawn darkness, a rise in the wind brings the watch scrambling on deck to haul down the billowing drifter (left). Next day the breeze has vanished, and the helmsman and one drowsy companion slump in the cockpit, waiting for a breath of air to get the boat moving again.

# how To get what You Want for FaTher's DaY

Jiffies are a sure cure for all those strange Father's Day items you've accumulated. Check the styles that strike your fancy—clip them out—leave them around for your loving wife and offspring. Jiffies are great for the "great outdoors" and for indoor relaxing too, with the big secret in the sole that puts you up on an "air cushion" of soft vinyl foam—an exclusive with Jiffies. Who knows? You might get all the pairs you want!



\$295

*Matches my boat cap!*



\$295

*So who's sticky wicket—rest me—in these—*

Rolling more firmly than

**jiffies**  
FOR MEN

Another Pair: © Kaye-Bell Products

In a multitude of exciting colors, machine-washable. Sized for a Father's tired foot... sure to encourage a kindly "your day" disposition. At better stores everywhere!

JIFFIES • 200 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y.

*To boost my income  
I'll work harder  
in these.*

*Brings out  
the "line"  
in me.*

*Perfect for the  
nine-inch hole.*

*You'll  
enjoy  
any  
automobile  
picnic  
look.*



\$295



\$395



\$395



\$295



Illustrations by Henry Korbler

**F**rom Georgian house to spectators' dress, the air of Maryland is British. Reese Howard of Essex Hounds turns up in a riding raincoat, and Sherman Haight Jr., Litchfield Joint master, in Seventh Regiment blazer.

## RACING IN STYLE

*In the world of hunt meetings, the fashions are British, the participants distinguished, the riding rugged—but all blend together with a picnic mood to create a unique country sport*

*Turn page for story and more drawings*

## FOR HONOR AND SILVER PLATE

by ALICE HIGGINS



On Saturday afternoons from mid-March until June, and then again through autumn's finest months, the small, time-honored world of hunt racing has its semiprivate but delightful seasons. It is a world of horses that run and jump in a green, rolling countryside, studied by members of a select coterie who are, more often than not, as elegant as the animals they follow. It is a world that drifts with the spring from the Carolinas to New York or Kentucky, then back again in the fall by weekly stages through Pennsylvania, Maryland and Vir-

ginia. In its ritual migrations and elaborate festivity, and with its dedicated retinue, hunt racing is not unlike King Henry VIII's sporting progresses through the English countryside.

Since the meetings generally are held on private estates or clubs, supported by their followers and local enthusiasm, hunt racing passes largely unnoticed by professional race-track fans. To the general public it was almost entirely unknown until Mrs. John Kennedy's presence at some of the spring events in Virginia attracted interest. But with or with-

out the First Lady's endorsement or general public attention the solidity of the sport has been well tested by age—a fortnight ago, for example, The Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club of Media, Pa., held its 102nd annual spring race meeting, and last month, near Glyndon, the 65th race for the Maryland Hunt Cup took place. It was there that the Henry Koehler drawings appearing on these pages were made—and the sturdy British tweeds and the waterproof Ride Mags being worn by the hunt-meeting devotees are not mere affectations. Although the spring and the fall are both noted for days of serene beauty, these seasons also contribute their share of bleakness and rain, and the styles and fabrics of the clothing have been developed to withstand the rigors of a British climate.

A parochial sport, hunt racing often attracts its followers from the fox-hunting and horse-show worlds. There is a closer, more personal relationship with the animals, many feel, than is found in professional racing. Yet many of hunt racing's owners, trainers and riders eventually become involved with the better-known aspect of Thoroughbred sport.

Marion duPont Scott, for example, on whose Virginia estate, Montpelier, one of the last meetings of the fall is held, is also the master of the Montpelier Hunt. She is, and has been for years, the leading American breeder of steeplechase horses, and her Battleship once won England's famed Grand National.



**P**hiladelphia *'Bulletin'* Publisher Robert McLean and Mrs. McLean survey the paddock, armed against the vagaries of spring weather with a tweed cape and a cashmere-sweater muffler.



**In true race-meet tradition, every sport jacket is a vivid check or plaid. Women like Mrs. Nicholas L. Ballich (left) get out their boldest plaids for the occasion.**

Mickey Walsh of Southern Pines, N.C., now the leading money-winning steeplechase trainer, once rode show-horse jumping champions. Amory Haskell, William duPont Jr., Paul Mellon, the Adams and Smithwick families are all to be found on the hunt-racing scene as well as on the tracks or as members or masters of recognized hunt clubs. For some, hunt racing is its own reward, for others, a proving ground for steeplechasers before they are taken to the major tracks. But whatever the motive, prestige or profit, the unique beauty and excitement of the races and the sociability of the hosts gives the sport its special cachet.

That blend of high drama and pleasant relaxation is probably found in its purest form in the Maryland Hunt Cup race. Originally designed for the "promotion of cross-country steeplechasing among Maryland gentlemen," it was later expanded when the race committee invited members of recognized hunt clubs in the U.S. and Canada to participate. Now considered the roughest jumping race in the U.S.—about four miles over 22 solid timber fences in the undulating Worthington Valley—it has been run, from its inception until today, for honor and a silver tankard.

The Maryland Hunt Cup is also the biggest event of the spring season, yet except for two small tents, the orange-and-green flag of the Maryland Hunt Cup, a row of yellow trash barrels, and temporary snow fencing marking off the paddock and home stretch, it leaves the

estates of Gary Black and Daniel Brewster, over which the course is flagged, virtually undisturbed.

The race is not held until 4 o'clock, but by noon the cars of some 15,000 spectators have begun arriving, first one by one, then in a steady stream. Picnickers spread blankets and unpack shakers of home-mixed Martinis and hamper of fried chicken. By 3, most have closed their baskets and drifted toward their preferred places on the steep hill, picking violets and greeting acquaintances along the way. Some join the thickening crowd around the paddock, while others, lest they miss a spill, take stations by the often fatal third and 13th fence. There is no public-address system, and no music.

Then, from over the hill, from across the field, from up the road where Native Dancer lives, the horses are led to the paddock. Inside the snow fencing, owners and trainers in British-style tweeds and plaids chat with friends or riders

and appraise the nervously walking horses. The ritual completed, the horses are led to the post and started on the race by the old-fashioned, line-up-and-go method, without benefit of a gate. Many do not finish. A few are buried by the fences where they died, and yearly this race, like England's Grand National, arouses some protests of cruelty to horses.

Not every hunt meeting is as understated as the Maryland Hunt Cup; some have cards with a mixed bag of flat races, timber races, brush events, ladies' races, farmers' races. Some are elaborate, with grandstands and even pari-mutuel betting. But all have the charm of the country and of seeing good racing in a natural setting. (Occasionally, of course, there are scratch-laden events or bad races. In North Carolina last year a horse romped home 80 lengths ahead of the field.)

Since horse racing and horse betting usually go together, the opportunity to

continued



**Tweed country suits, flannels vests and shirts, caps, riding raincoats and cord trousers all contribute to the British air of such hunt-meet regulars as Edward H. (Tiger) Bennett (center).**

gamble presents itself in a manner somewhat unique on the American scene. Most of the hunt meetings do not have legalized betting, but bookies, complete with blackboards and bags of money, are a part of the scene. The \$2 investor can stroll down the lane, checking the chalked-up odds, much the way a tourist in Tangier can compare exchanges with the different money sellers. Some bookies, their cash bags in danger of depletion, have been known to decamp in the middle of a meeting with the bestors' money.

For the spectator, however, the main hazard of hunt racing is the weather. Those with expensive railside parking have little to fear, since they can watch in comfort from their cars, but for others, if it is wet or cold, there is no place to go. As for the owner of the land, rain is a really serious problem. "A thousand dollars, at least," groaned one, "for reseeding the turf chewed up by cars trying to get out!"

But last week at Rose Tree an early threat of rain soon dissipated, and the sun broke through on green brush and timber fences flagged in red and white. In the tree-shadowed paddock behind the grandstand, or at the invitation-only outdoor bar, owners, trainers and riders gathered for one of the last—and most pleasant—meets of the spring season.

The Gloucester Fox Hunters Plate, a race of about three miles over 22 timber fences, was the fifth of six events and the day's high point. Although last year's winner, George T. Weymouth's *Eastcor*, was entered, the two favorites were Ballyguy and Mainstay. Ballyguy, an Irish-bred chaser owned by John D. Schapiro, had just won the 31st running of the Radnor Hunt Cup and, earlier in the spring, the 51st running of the My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point.

Mainstay (his owner, William E. Schlusemeyer, also owns the land over which the Virginia Gold Cup is run) had won this year's Gold Cup (during which Ballyguy fell) and earlier the Deep Run Hunt Cup.

At the very first fence Mainstay rapped hard and almost fell, loosening but not quite losing Jockey Joseph L. Aitcheson Jr. But by the second fence Aitcheson was back in control, and Mainstay, jumping more carefully, took the lead, a lead that kept lengthening steadily. So the race was between the other four for second place, and that honor was captured by Ballyguy, with *Eastcor* finishing third.

Ballyguy's owner, John Schapiro, who is the president of Laurel Race Course (where hurdle racing has recently been reinstated), had stayed away from the Preakness in order to watch his bay gelding run and jump. He had a special reason: in the future he hopes to see his horse in England's Grand National. That, of course, is the understandable dream of most hunt-race owners, breeders and riders; Crompton Smith, winning rider in this year's Maryland Hunt Cup, pointed out recently that only one American-owned-and-bred horse has ever won England's classic steeplechase. "To ride the winner there," he said, "is my ultimate goal."

END

**T**eaming the rakish lines of a flared hacking jacket with the tapered severity of corduroy frontier pants, this spectator manages to look somewhat more British than the British.



# Cadillac



The Fleetwood 60 Special

French embroidery from the Basse Museum of Fine Arts • Jeweled "V" and Crest created by Black, Starr and Gorham

*Cadillac designers, engineers and craftsmen have only one objective:  
to continue to create the finest car in the world.*



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

**A new slant on dryness**

Once the only route to dryness was to detour around the vermouth, Seagram changed all that. Stored its gin away to remove perfumy sweetness and dry the gin to a crisp. (A costly process, incidentally, that turns gin to the color of light amber.) Result: dryer martinis, whatever the proportion. Delicious Seagram martinis—better from any angle.





CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## The sound of bidding

It is possible that the 10th World Bridge Championship might have ended differently if my good friend Dr. Pierre Jais had been in Buenos Aires with the French team. Playing with five players instead of six, France was severely handicapped. The handicap was the more serious since the missing man was Jais, one of her strongest players.

Jais, a man of courage at and away from the bridge table, had resigned from the French Bridge Federation (automatically banishing himself from the team) in protest against what he considered an injustice. Two well-known French players, Henri Svarc and Jean-Michel Boulanger, accused Gérard Bourcheff and Claude Delmouly, two of Jais' teammates, of cheating. The charges (that they had employed "Pascenseur" [elevator]—a method of signaling by the height at which the hand is held) were not proved, but the accusers were punished along with the accused for having delayed reporting the incident for several months. Dr. Jais felt that the Federation had gone too far.

Another example of Jais' courage appears in the book he wrote in collaboration with the late Pierre Albarin. In that book (*How to Win at Rubber Bridge*, recently adapted for English readers by the English expert, Terence Reese), Jais has written a chapter which dares to discuss the subject of hesitations.

There are times when every bridge player must pause to think. Whether intentional or not, such pauses convey information. When this happens, partner must be sure that his bidding does not take advantage of information deduced from a change of pace or tone of voice. He must judge his action only by the meaning that partner's bid would convey if he read it in a diagrammed account of what took place.

The sharp-witted playwright George Kaufman once made it

obvious what he thought of such maneuvering when he asked, "May I have a review of the bidding—with the original rhythm and inflections?" Some such review is required after you have read the bidding of the deal that Jais cites as one occasion when unethical bidding recoiled against its authors.

Observe that South, with but one diamond in his hand, had passed partner's double of that suit, whereas he had failed to leave in partner's double of two hearts—a suit in which he held twice as many cards. The explanation is that North had doubled two diamonds with speed and gusto but had later doubled two hearts only after a considerable hesitation. The cards South held were proof per se that he had acted unethically. As it turned out, had he done the honest thing and passed, West would have been set 500 points. North would have opened the heart queen and, by continuing trumps each time he got the lead, could have prevented

dummy from ruffing a diamond. West would have made three heart tricks, a club by leading up to his hand, and almost certainly another trick or two somewhere along the line. Instead, South went down 500 in three spades doubled when the opponents collected two hearts, one club and three trump tricks.

It is beside the point, perhaps, but if South had timed his play as well as he timed his partner's bidding, he could have saved a trick. That he did not may be attributed to the fact that South was so busy scheming he could not devote enough time to studying the hand properly.

### EXTRA TRICK

The best way to stop unethical hesitations is by taking advantage of them only when you are the opponent. The deliberate offender is bound to stop when he realizes that he who hesitates must lose. **END**

Both sides vulnerable  
South dealer

WEST		NORTH		EAST	
SOUTH		WEST		NORTH	
1♠		2♥		DOUBLE	
PASS		3♥		DOUBLE	
3♠		DOUBLE		3♠	
PASS		PASS		DOUBLE	

Opening lead: ace of hearts

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## The thinking hitter

He's the best kind, says  
Pittsburgh Coach George Sisler,  
who doesn't like 'guessers'

Hey," said Roberto Clemente, "pitch me a strike." The batting practice pitcher pitched a strike, and Clemente slashed it high over the left-field fence at Milwaukee County Stadium.

"Notice he didn't ask for a curve or a fast ball," George Sisler, the Pirate batting coach, said. "Just for a strike. He's not a guesser. He hits the pitch where it's thrown."

Sisler was standing behind the batting cage, talking about the most intriguing facet of baseball, the psychological—and physical—contest between the man at the plate and the man who throws the ball at him.

"I don't like guess hitters," he said, "A batter that tries to guess with the pitcher—most of the time he's afraid of a certain pitch. The only way he can hit it is by guessing when it's coming. Most of the time he guesses wrong, just on the law of averages. You figure most pitchers got at least four pitches, so the odds

are three to one against a guesser right there. Then if he guesses right, he usually swings at the ball even if it's not in the strike zone. A good batter hits strikes, no matter where they are thrown or what kind of pitch it is. Just as long as it's a strike."

He watched Dick Groat hit, his blue eyes sharp and intent. "A batter needs intelligence first," he said. "Judgment. Confidence. The mental things. They're more important than the physical. Then comes body control, quick wrists, good eyes. I have no patience with stories you read about batters complaining about night baseball, new pitches—the slider, for instance—better fielding equipment. They should blame themselves if they don't hit .300. Any good batter can hit .300, and a batter hitting over .300 now, there's no good reason he shouldn't hit .400. It can still be done."

He picked up a bat and hefted it. "The bats are too light now," he said. "This one is maybe 30 ounces. I used a 42-ounce bat, and I heard that Ruth used a 52-ounce bat and I expect he did. They use the light bats now so they can whip them around fast and hit for the fences.

continued



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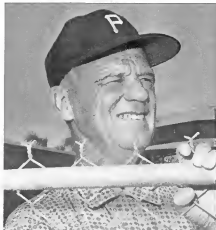
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We hit home runs with the heavy bats. You can get a heavy bat around if it's balanced properly. There's no wood in these modern bats. That's why they break so many."

Sisler hit .407 in 1920, .420 in 1922, and his lifetime batting average, spanning 16 years in the majors, was .340, so he speaks with authority.

Clemente, one of his aptest pupils, agrees wholeheartedly with his coach on the advantage of not knowing what pitch is coming up.

"Sometimes I sit on the bench, the fellows are saying, 'He's gonna peetch curve now, now he's gonna throw fast ball.' I move away down the bench because I don't want to know eet. I rather heet whatever he throw up there."

Groat, the Pirate shortstop who missed his average 50 points last year to lead the National League in batting, prefers not to guess, too.

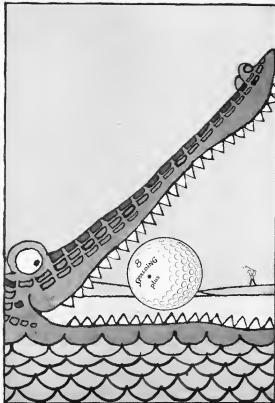
"Sisler teaches us to be ready for the fast ball and adjust our swing for the curve," he said. "If you're looking for a curve and get a fast ball, you never hit it. But you can cut down on the speed of your swing to hit the curve."

Groat is one of many good hitters who does not want a reading on a pitcher from a coach. Recently, when the Yankees acquired Tex Clevenger from the Los Angeles Angels, Clevenger revealed that most clubs in the American League were reading Art Ditmar. In other words, by watching him closely the third-base coaches could tell whether he was going to throw a fast ball or a breaking ball, and they relayed the information to the batter.

Bobby Shantz, the wonderful little left-handed relief pitcher with the Pirates, was often the victim of readers during his days with the Philadelphia Athletics.

"The Yanks used to read me all the time," he said. "When I finally joined the club I found out they were reading me when I swung my arm back winding up. I had my fingers across the laces for a curve, between them for a fast ball. They used to whistle from the dugout when a fast ball was coming. I don't know how much reading helps a batter, but it's hard enough to get them out when you surprise them. I guess it helps the good batters a lot. I mean a guy like Mantle, who'll wait. He won't swing at a fast ball just because he knows it's coming. But if he knows and

*coaches*



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### BASEBALL *continued*

it's in the strike zone, he murders it."

Aside from the guessers and the hitters who can hit anything pitched in the strike zone (and this includes almost all of the great hitters), there's a third type of batter, called a looker. He doesn't try to guess what the pitcher will throw, but he looks for a specific pitch that he feels he can hit, either a curve or a fast ball. He'll ignore curves, for instance, on the first two strikes, even if they are over. With two strikes against him, he'll swing at a good curve if only to protect the plate.

"I could never hit a curve ball," says Solly Hemus, now the manager of the St. Louis Cardinals. "I don't think any little man is really a good curve-ball hitter. You have to overpower the curve, and little men just don't have the strength. But I hit it pretty well. I never swung at a curve until I had to. I got most of my hits off fast balls, and I waited for them."

Groat, who is not a big man, disagrees with Hemus. "I got most of my hits last year off curves," he said. "I hit a home run last night off a curve ball." Like most of the Pirates, Groat reflects the teaching of Sisler. The Pittsburgh team is not a power-hitting club, nor does it need to be in the wide stretches of Forbes Field. But it hits for a high team average, and many of the hits are slanted into the opposite field.

"You have to be a three-field-hitter to hit for a good average," Sisler says.

He thought for a minute then, going over the days a long time ago, when he hit .400 and over. "The big thing is being smart," he said. "There are dumb catchers in the league, and dumb pitchers, too. You can tell on the first pitch how they are going to work you. Then you don't have to guess. You know what's coming. And you can hit it. Wherever they throw it."

He thought again for a little while, an old man now with sharp, intelligent eyes.

"The mistakes they make," he said. "They step in too quick so that they hit off the front foot and they're not balanced. And they move their heads too quick. They watch the ball and step into it and move their heads and can't see it, and it breaks and they swing and miss. That's what I was saying before. You need quick wrists, but you also have to think to hit. That's the biggest part of it. Thinking."

END



## Tough kid from Anzio

**Italy's Giulio Rinaldi, who upset Archie Moore in Rome, hopes to do it again for the title next week**

**G**iulio Rinaldi, the light heavyweight champion of Italy, is learning to drive a tractor. "It keeps my mind off Archie Moore," he says. Rinaldi beat Moore last October in Rome, and will meet him again next week in Madison Square Garden, this time for the world light heavyweight title.

Rinaldi has been training for the fight in a resort named Villaggio Italia in the Catskills, 125 miles north of New York City. In summer the grounds are crowded with vacationers, but this is still the off season—waiters have time for a mid-afternoon nap—and Rinaldi and his group have the place pretty much to themselves. "We have provided Giulio with a homelike atmosphere," says Aldo DiBenedetto, the owner of Villaggio. "We think of him as a son. After the fight he will come back here to relax. We will have a party if he wins and I will jump into the swimming pool. In my tuxedo."

A few days before the fight Rinaldi will shift his camp to the parking lot outside Leone's restaurant, one block from the Garden. He will train inside a large tent and live in an apartment above the restaurant. "It will help him adjust to the air," says Lew Burston, the Garden man assigned to look after Rinaldi's needs. "The altitude at Villaggio is 2,000 feet. The fight will be at sea level."

Rinaldi himself does not seem enthusiastic about training at Leone's. He thinks the air in New York is stuffy. Rinaldi does not speak English but he got the idea across by sliding his hand along the inside of his collar.

This is Rinaldi's first trip to the United States. His home is in Anzio, on the west coast of Italy. (During the tortured months in 1944 when Anzio was a shell-ridden Allied beachhead, Giulio was hidden in a cave with other local children.)

Since his October victory over Moore, Rinaldi has become a popular figure in his country. "Over there he is bigger than Lollobrigida," says Lew Burston. Packs of fan mail from young ladies in Italy have been arriving at Villaggio, but Giulio will not be allowed to read them until after the fight. "It might divert him," says Aldo DiBenedetto. "He is a normal boy. He likes food, drink and, naturally, the girls."

Rinaldi's training diet calls for steak, which he dislikes, and prohibits spaghetti, which he loves. He also loves music. When he arrived in New York he astounded everyone at a press lunch by walking to the microphone and singing *Il Morr*. Around Villaggio he is always tapping out rhythms, supplying "la-la-la" for lyrics. One thing Rinaldi does not like is smoking. Visitors to his camp are commanded to put out cigarettes. "No smoking, please," are three English words Rinaldi has learned to speak, with a suitable scowl.

### A fierce expression

Rinaldi has a good face for scowling. He has black hair, bushy black eyebrows and a small, almost pointed chin. He could easily pass for the neighborhood tough. He is 26 years old and single. He has no steady girl, or so says his mother, who is staying with him at Villaggio. Rinaldi's father is dead. Signora Rinaldi says she will not watch the fight, and when she says it she closes her eyes, shakes her head and taps herself on the heart. "She will pray," says Burston.

Also with Rinaldi is Luigi Proietti, his manager-trainer. Proietti, a short, balding man, speaks broken English but fluent French. Burston, who also speaks French, acts as a bridge, so that questions directed at Rinaldi are asked three times in three languages.

Rinaldi has three sparring partners, Luigi Napoleoni, Freddie Mack and Randy Sandy. Napoleoni doubles as an opponent at cards. The two sit in the dining room playing a game called "scow-



SCOWLING GIULIO HOPES FOR KNOCKOUT

pa," yelling the results of each round to Proietti. "First one win," says Proietti, rising in his chair and thumping his chest. "Then the other."

Two of the sparring partners, Napoleoni and Mack, are light heavyweights. Rinaldi defeated Mack in Rome three months ago. Recently Mack's wife gave birth to their first son, whom they named Giulio. Randy Sandy is a middleweight. "He is for speed," says Proietti. Sandy wears a bright yellow robe, on the back of which is printed "Randolph Sandy."

The workouts are held in the Villaggio dance hall. The walls are red, the ceiling pink. A ring has been set up identical to the one in Madison Square Garden. "The floor is soft," says Burston. "It's like walking on a mattress. The rings in Europe are harder, but Giulio will just have to get used to it."

Rinaldi spars six rounds a day, then skips rope and punches the bag. Later he will increase the number of rounds. Rinaldi's weight is already down to 175, the limit for the fight.

The workouts generally end in the late afternoon. After a shower, Rinaldi eats dinner, the hated steak. Then he has more time to kill until bed. He may play scopa with Napoleoni, or listen to some music, or even take a late drive on the tractor. Anything to keep from thinking about Archie Moore. There will be time enough for that later.

END

## An agony of abundance

Public hunting in national parks? It will be tried this fall, to keep animals from starving

When a group of leading Montana citizens 90 years ago laid out the first great national park in the beautiful area of the Yellowstone River, one contingency they could scarcely have foreseen was that some day there might be more wild animals there than the park could hold. Yet that is the agonizing situation that has arisen today in Yellowstone and 19 of the other parks created since and entrusted to the National Park Service's care. And, confronted with a superabundance of wild animals and rising pressure from hunting organizations, the Service is about to come to a major decision: to permit public participation in a program of killing off the surplus game in some of the national park areas.

The mere suggestion that any form of public hunting be allowed in these traditional sanctuaries has started a controversy that promises to be the most bitter in their history. But the National Park Service now admits that it has not faced up to an issue that threatens the destruction of some of the very things it strives to preserve. Most of the millions of visitors will be astonished to know that in many national parks wild animals have multiplied to a point where they are destroying range grasses, shrubs, trees, streams and other park features, and that in these regions smaller species of animals have already disappeared.

Overabundance of large mammals in the parks has always been handled on a skippy, hope-for-a-break basis. Operating on meager funds, park rangers have tried to keep animal populations under control by trapping animals for restocking game lands elsewhere or by

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shooting elk and buffalo and selling the carcasses to the Indians or to institutions. They have tried driving animals out of the parks to be shot by hunters across the borders, or have waited for severe winters to force them out. But despite all these efforts, animal populations have continued to grow. Now a drastic reduction is imperative. Last week Conrad L. Wirth, director of the National Park Service, told me that a system of public hunting will be tried this fall in an area yet to be decided upon.

Wirth avoided the term "hunting," preferring to call it "public participation in herd reduction" or "a tool to be used in wildlife management." He insisted that no general program of shooting by the public was being considered. Hunters would be carefully screened, he said, and would operate under strict control.

But Wirth's proposal, no matter how it is phrased, is still looked upon by many as the first step in opening the national parks to public hunting. Protests already have been voiced by conservation organizations, first among them the National Parks Association and the National Audubon Society. And protests also have come from numerous career men within the National Park Service itself.

#### An ill-prepared public

Now the question will come up for public discussion, and the public is ill-prepared for it. Americans have come to take their national parks for granted, looking upon them as wildernesses where wild animals are left entirely to their own devices. Not so. In the past 34 years 70,000 elk have been eliminated from the northern Yellowstone herd alone, but even so that is where the situation is most critical today. This herd once migrated out of the park into Montana, but with the country outside being cut up into ranches the animals now elect to stay inside. Only a severe winter forces them out—in 1955-56 hunters shot 3,900 outside the park, rangers killed 1,974 inside the park and 645 were trapped live and sent to state game ranges and zoos. But the total reduction of 6,519 set the herd back only temporarily.

Recently the rangers tried to drive some elk out of the park with a helicopter. The machine got about 200 elk started, but then they panicked. Finally some 75 frightened and exhausted animals staggered across the boundary, and hunters shot all of them. The park personnel decided never to try that again.

Two weeks ago Lemuel A. Garrison,

*continued*

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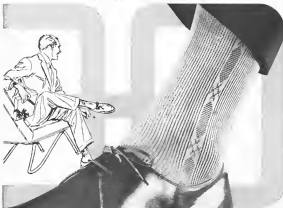
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#### CONSERVATION continued

superintendent of Yellowstone Park, took me on an inspection tour of this northern herd's range. In the Lamar River Valley he pointed out the sparsity of range grasses, the lack of new growth among the aspens, the willows along the river grazed down to almost nothing.

"The last time a white-tail deer was seen here was in 1929," he said. "Yet there used to be a sizable herd. About the same time the beaver went out along the Lamar River. With the beaver gone, we lose nesting grounds for ducks and geese. With the deterioration of the range we get silting, which gives us poorer fishing. We suspect the mountain sheep are going downhill. The winter range of the antelope has been invaded by elk and is in horrible shape. The mule deer are probably holding their own."

#### \$30,000 for a crash program

Garrison has worked out a crash program for using rangers to reduce the herd. By trapping and shooting 3,500 animals each winter for two years the herd could be brought down to about 5,000 from its present population of about 9,800, and could be kept at about that figure. He estimates that the program would add \$30,000 a year to present reduction costs.

Many of those who have studied the problem feel that public hunting would not solve the problem. They point out that in Grand Teton National Park, where a special act of Congress permitted hunting because of particular migration problems, only a comparatively few animals have been killed by hunters. From 1951 through 1958 an annual total of 1,200 elk hunting permits were issued, but the average kill was only 166 animals.

The same problem as that posed by the Yellowstone elk exists in other parks, though on a lesser scale. Seeing these opportunities, hunters' organizations continue to press for the opening of park areas to hunting. Resolutions to that effect have been adopted by both the Western Association of State Game and Fish Commissioners and the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners.

Most of the people who visit the parks are yet to be heard from. The few who know of the proposal feel that intensive shooting by large numbers of hunters would make the remaining animals more shy of man. But it is a question of hunters or money, and the public will have to make its views known.

END

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## TANGLE IN PHILLY

Continued from page 17

wanted to have a penny-pinching operation. All they'd get running at their track would be a bunch of old mares and tails."

Clark's desire to pay only 35% for purses is not hard to understand. The difference in gross profit to Clark, as track owner, would be roughly half a million dollars for a 50-day meet at a track with Liberty Bell's potential. And he could charge Parish a much higher rent, since the second 50 days would be that much more lucrative too.

### Not-so-separate groups

In the weeks that followed, Governor Lawrence tried to convince Sheppard that the Clark and Parish groups were actually two quite separate business organizations. He had trouble when Sheppard pointed out that Francis Sullivan was the attorney of record for both groups—he later resigned his Bucks County role—and that both groups listed Sullivan's office as their office in their license applications. An officer of one of the groups put it frankly, recently. "Practically speaking, we're one organization," he said.

By March, Sheppard "knew the roof had fallen in." He felt Clark was not going to run a track which, in his own typically mixed metaphor, "would hit a home run for the state." He accused Parish of being "a stooge and puppet" for Clark, castigated the proposed lease as "phony," and charged Jim Clark with a monopoly attempt. "Monopolies are repugnant in any business," he said.

Clark, who likes so much to remain in the background, was upset that a minority member of a Pennsylvania state commission (Sheppard) would dare fight back—and loudly at that. This was breaking a political lodge rule. Clark tried to smooth things over.

On April 5 the Harness Racing Commission was to meet in Harrisburg and grant the treasured licenses. The day before, April 4, says Sheppard, he received a telephone call from Democratic Commissioner Kane. "Clarkey wants to talk to you," said Kane. "I've got a telephone," said Sheppard. So Clark called Sheppard.

"We shouted at each other for an hour," says Sheppard. "I sent my secretary out of the room, and I hope he did." Clark was essentially arguing that one track with only 50 days of racing and paying 45% in purses would go broke.

Continued



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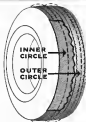
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### TANGLE IN PHILLY *continued*

"Finally," Sheppard says, "I got so mad I told him to give me three days to raise \$12 million and he could take my job as commission chairman, issue me a license, and I'd show him how to make money."

In short, the master of Hanover was unswayed by "the man upstairs."

But, if Sheppard could not be placated, neither could Clark be stopped. What transpired at the harness commission's public hearing the next day was the stunning fruition of all the political planning, and it was handled in a fashion that would have brought smiles of professional appreciation from a Crump, a Tweed or a Pendergast, those bosses of an earlier era.

### Railroading a track

After the very briefest procedural formalities opened the meeting, Commissioner Cusick said: "I move that we grant a license to Liberty Bell."

"I second that motion," said Commissioner Kane. The motion passed, Sheppard voting no.

"I move that action on further applications be deferred to a subsequent meeting," said Cusick.

"I second the motion," said Kane.

The motion passed, Sheppard voting no.

Three attorneys for other license applicants managed to get the floor to protest the hasty procedure as improper and illegal. At the first lull, Kane said, "I move we adjourn." "I will second the motion," said Cusick. The motion passed, Sheppard voting no. The meeting lasted 17 minutes.

"I never heard a double-barreled shotgun go off so fast," Sheppard said. "I didn't know what was happening to me." But he must have had an idea what might happen, for he had a formal statement ready.

Sheppard said the public had "been sold down the river in the interests of shortsighted, practical politics. . . . I think of it as the last act of a play and [it] should be known as the tragedy of harness racing in Pennsylvania," he continued. And now, attuned to the sound of political power plays at last, he warned that sometime in the next 10 months Parish and Rooney would come forward with a lease from Liberty Bell and demand a license to run at Clark's track.

Significantly, Liberty Bell and Bucks County were the only license applicants with no representatives at the April 5



commission meeting. "They didn't need them," said Sheppard.

The next commission meeting was on May 8. Cusick could not attend. Kane abstained at each motion by Sheppard to grant a license, and state harness track licensing had ended, for the moment, at least. Two applicants went to court to break the blockade, suing the commission and Liberty Bell in an effort to get public hearings and to get Liberty Bell's license revoked. Sheppard, too, demanded action. He proposed "that the commission get on with its unfinished business, and do it openly before the eyes of the public. With millions of dollars at stake, I think the public is entitled to know whether anybody is covering up, and for whom," he said. Very little has happened since then.

Lawrence Sheppard has the long furrowed face and sad, sad eyes of a basset hound, and out in Hanover, Pa., the other day he looked sadder still. He was being X-rayed for an ulcer. "They gave it to me," he said, with a wave toward Philadelphia.

He admitted he saw no way to keep the commission eventually from following Clark's plans. "These fellows are too tough," he said. "For some reason I have never been afraid of politicians, but I didn't know any of these modern ones. I was never in anything like this. I feel like the girl who should have said no three months ago."

"Those damn pooch heads," he continued. "Ruining a chance to have the best racing there is. If we could get just one track to run against them in Philadelphia. . . . There's a couple of things I can still try. The next snowball I throw will have a rock in it. You can bet on that."

#### Unhappily silent

Oddly enough, Jim Clark wasn't happy either. He sat in his shirtsleeves behind the desk of his large office, looking like a pained prisoner while Lawyer Sullivan refused to let him talk.

"It would be highly improper to discuss the commission, the application or anything pertaining to it," said Sullivan, "so long as we are defendants in a court action."

Jim Clark squirmed. "After the court cases, Mr. Clark would be glad to discuss the entire situation," said Mr. Sullivan.

Jim Clark looked sadly apologetic. "No, Mr. Clark could not even mention his hopes for the future of harness

*continued*



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#### TANGLE IN PHILLY *continued*

racing in the state," said Mr. Sullivan, who then started on a lengthy summary of Mr. Clark's rise through hard work and civic interest.

Jim Clark blushed.

"Mr. Clark does talk!" Mr. Sullivan was asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Sullivan.

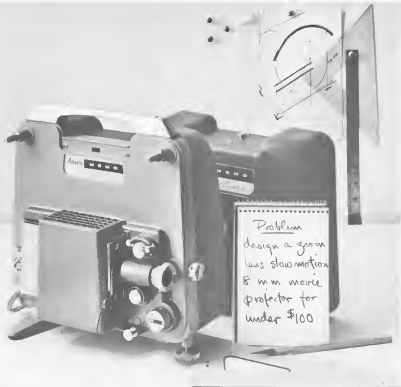
Jim Clark laughed.

Nobody could fault him for taking his lawyer's advice, but had Clark been in a position to talk he could have made some salient points. He has an argument when he says a bigger, better race track used for 100 days would be of more benefit to the public than two small ones. He may have another point in suggesting that 45% is a little high for harness purses (though many Thoroughbred tracks pay it).

Nor does anybody fault his plans for Liberty Bell Park itself. The track would, at Sheppard's suggestion and Kane's actual motion, have 1,200 stalls (compared to Yonkers' 600), room for a mile track, and a 5/8 mile lighted track. It would seat roughly 10,000 with space for 20,000 standees. Pier Luigi Nervi, architect for many of the Olympic stadiums in Rome, designed the exterior, and it is exciting.

Clark is showing no interest in compromise. There is a campaign to accuse Sheppard of a conflict of interest on the grounds that higher purses at one track would force higher purses everywhere. This, in turn, would raise the value of horses, and Sheppard's Hanover Farms sells a bundle of them. It is also argued that Sheppard's concern is phony, that he is interested only in getting a track for his horsey friends. The ultimate aim, presumably, is to get Governor Lawrence to oust the prickly Sheppard.

Meanwhile the battle between Sheppard and Clark has resulted in 11 new bills being introduced in the Pennsylvania State Legislature which bear on harness racing. One of them would require the Harness Racing Commission to hold open meetings on the granting of licenses; another would make it illegal for public officials or political party officials to hold financial interests in tracks; and the most severe of all would repeal the law which legalized pari-mutuel betting at harness tracks. However, all of these bills are bogged down in committees controlled by Democrats. They are likely to stay there as long as Big Jim Clark is the boss. **END**



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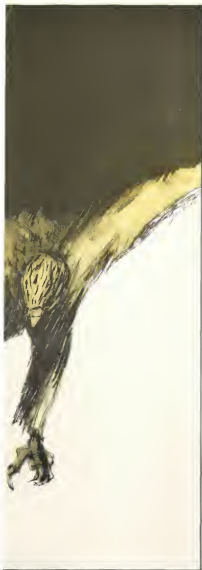
# HAWKS IN THE ATTIC

by WILLIAM O'HALLAREN

*Illustrations by Saul Landert*

*A stone drops from the sky. Before the jay knows what is happening he is on the ground and a beak as wicked as a grappling hook will be tattooing across his back.*





Every spring, in late March, a pair of soaring shadows flit across the big window of our living room, and a bit later there is a sound from the skies like high and triumphant bugles. For man, bird and beast on our hilltop the shadows and the bugle cries mean but one thing: our hawks are back. If we look out we can see the pair of them swinging on the highest tip of the blue spruce, as glittering as lord chamberlains, giving their spring home a cold and careful eye.

As befits their lofty station, the hawks are never quite sure the accommodations are going to be suitable, even though they have stayed with us many times before and the quarters are expressly reserved for them. For the first day they spend most of their time simply looking at the red-tiled vent to the attic of our big old house atop one of the Hollywood hills. The opening is about eight inches across and is the door to their nesting area. Once or twice the male will swing down, land on the tiles for a flashing moment, then sail back to report to his lady. Perhaps some time before nightfall, perhaps not until the next morning, she will make her own inspection, haughty as a duchess just in from the country seat, and once that is completed they are officially in residence for another season.

Our hawks are kestrels, creatures colored brown, green and red, also known as windhovers, sparrow hawks, and to the precise bird watcher, *Falco sparverius*. Hawks aren't supposed to live in houses, of course, but none of the finches, sparrows, mockingbirds, wrens, jays, cats or collies that flit and thresh about at lower levels are about to pass this word along to the lordly lodgers, and neither are we.

The kestrels are small, if a belittling adjective can be applied to such majesty, the male no bigger than a young lark, his mate perhaps a third larger, but they are hawks from the tips of their talons to the points of their curved beaks. As far as they are concerned, they are big enough to command the skies and the useful parts of the earth reaching into the skies, and the eagles on their mountaintops can say no more.

For the most part the lesser birds accept this dominion without quibble, though once in a while an upstart has to be put in place. For about a week after the hawks establish residence the bird life in the lower levels is tuned far down. The sparrows flit about on their preposterous and ceaseless business at a subdued pace, the mockingbird Guild of Parodists, Satirists & Cat Taunters forgets to meet, the bluebirds act as though it were raining, and the turtledoves muffle their mourning. But then the tempo moves back to normal, demons again possess the sparrows, the mockingbirds heap impossible abuse on the cat and stand on their heads at the wit of one another's satires, the bluebirds fly like grapeshot, and the turtledoves, fat and contented as aldermen, croon their sad notes over the hilltop. The hawks watch and listen from on high, their bluish heads turning just enough to take it all in.

Usually it will be the blue jay who calls down the thunder. On a May afternoon he will arrive full of pride and

*continued*



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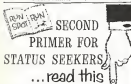
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## HAWKS *continued*

the neighbor's bread crumbs. He will screech at the sparrows, caw coarsely at the mockingbirds and finally take a place in the spruce and demand that all hands turn and admire him. For minute upon minute he will screech of his beauty and of the admiration in which he is held by the giver of bread crumbs.

At the point when it seems that neither man nor bird can take any more, a stone will drop from the sky. Before the jay knows what is happening he will be on the ground, and a beak as wicked as a grappling hook will be tattooing across his back. The punishment is over in a flash and the jay flutters away, pained in body and soul. The male kestrel soars back to the side of his mate, who seems to give him a small nod of appreciation. Later when the jay threatens to get out of hand again, the male will simply stand up and flex his wings in a peculiarly hawklike gesture and the jay collapses like the empty bully he is. The male hawk is hardly more than half the jay's size, but in this case size could hardly be less relevant.

Our hawks seem without natural enemies. There are bigger hawks in the hills of Griffith Park to the east, but they cannot approach the speed of our kestrels. A stray crow may have the temerity to

caw at the male as he flies by on his morning hunt, but the male doesn't even notice such vulgar braying. If he had the inclination he could probably transform the crow into black confetti.

The European brothers of our kestrels were among the best of the falcons, quick, sure, fierce and intelligent. They were also, surprisingly, genuinely affectionate. In the great days of falconry a rigid caste system prevailed, with a man's rank determining the size of bird he could fly. The big hawks were reserved for the nobles, and it worked down until only kestrels were allowed to ride on the wrists of commoners. Sad to say, their principal targets were unsuspecting farks.

There is a huge body of prejudice against hawks deeply rooted in man, and part of this legacy of ignorance says that sparrow hawks drive away lesser birds and devour their young. Our hawks, at least, have no objection at all to other birds, providing they mind their manners, and have never bothered the young

*continued*

*There comes a time when the lady kestrel spends both her days and nights in the nest. There are sounds of life in the attic,*





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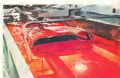
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## HAWKS *continued*

The staple of their diet is fresh mouse. Shortly after sunrise the male takes off for the valley below. His lady waits either inside their attic nest or at the tip of the tree. He is usually back by 8 and never later than 9, almost always with a newly killed mouse in his talons, though occasionally it will be a chameleon or even a grasshopper.

She accepts the dinner with a graceful gesture and eats in quick, fierce lunges, and that is that for another day. Later she may join him for a quick, exuberant flight, and then he goes off to satisfy his own wants while she tends the nest or mounts the perch. The lesser birds, twittering endlessly after their crumbs and specks of food, apparently incapable of satiety, are the most vulgar of barbarians in comparison. It is our estimate that the neighborhood mouse population drops by 10 a week while our brilliant friends are in residence.

The hawks have a sport suited to their regal natures. On certain days the wind flails over the hills, sweeping the air as clear of ordinary birds as though some giant vacuum had sucked them in. On those days the hawks rise into the skies for a rollicking bout with the winds. They power themselves directly into the currents, the strength of their wings matching the force of the winds so that for moments they are almost still in the sky. It's because of this that the English call them windhovers. Sometimes, if a gust of wind happens to carry sound down to the ground, those high, triumphant bugle notes can be heard, the "kle kle kle" from the riders of the aerial surfs. The hawks are among the very few birds who fly for the fun of it, who hurl themselves into the sky in sheer, rapturous abandon, flashes of brown and red roller-coastering on high.

There comes a time when the lady kestrel spends both her days and nights in the nest. Her mate is also there more than he seems to be needed, and from

*continued*



*Suddenly a tawny red-brown body seems to tumble from the vent, for the first time a pair of wings open to their fullest.*

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The kestrels are small birds, if a befitting  
adjective can be applied to such majesty;  
the male is no bigger than a young hawk.

## HAWKS *continued*

below we can hear him tramping about  
on the attic floor. This is the time he  
would chain-smoke if he could. In time  
there are sounds to indicate more life  
in the attic nest and the lady spends  
more of her time away from home, flex-  
ing her wings in joy at a confinement  
ended.

There are anxious moments when the  
time comes for the newcomers to make  
their first flight. The attic vent is nearly  
30 feet above the ground and the first  
branches of the spruce are 10 feet away.  
In time tiny, fierce little heads peek over  
the edge, measuring the drop, estimat-  
ing the distance to safety. In the hawk  
code there is no provision for floundering  
or failure, no second chances. It is  
command or die. When the parents de-  
cide the moment is right, the male takes  
a place at the top of the spruce, or sim-  
ply hovers in the air, while his mate re-  
gulates the take-offs.

Suddenly a tiny reddish-brown body  
seems to tumble from the vent, and for  
the first time a pair of wings opens to its  
fullest. There is a moment of hesitation,

*continued*

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## FLAWS *continued*

of imperfection, and then the wings sweep back and forth in a mighty rhythm and the tiny novice is hurtled against the spruce limbs, usually landing too hard and swinging halfway around. But the talons grip the wood and he pulls himself erect, and now he looks on the world with a gaze of conquering arrogance. It is all his now, the sky, the trees, the rooftops, the faraway clouds.

**F**or the next two weeks there is a wild carnival in the skies, mother, father and family joining in riding the wind surfs and diving zestfully into the gusts. Our sky seems full of bright bodies, glinting wings, adventurous calls. The young ones are the first to go, melting into the distances. The old ones remain, back on their perches at the top of the spruce, the nest forgotten. For a few lazy days they again preside over the lower life, romp in the wind, feast on the spoils of his hunting.

Then someday, in answer to one bugle call we will never hear, they rise into the sky and are gone. We have no idea where they spend the balance of the year. It could be somewhere over the next range of hills, or a thousand miles down the coast. Wherever it is, we are sure they rule there in serenity until it is time to return to their springtime home. **END**



*Their talons grip the limb and they pull themselves erect, looking out on the world with a cold look of conquering arrogance.*

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 5, 1961

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Dale Long, Washington first baseman, said before the season, "These kids may out-field me, but they won't ride the ball like I will. You can shake a dozen glove men out of a tree, but the hit separates the men from the boys." Last week Long hit .440, and the separation seemed complete. Willie Tasby (.545), Jim King (.500) and Gene Green (.375) helped push the Senators, who hit .299, up to fifth place as they whipped the Twins twice. Minnesota lost five of six. In 22 innings, 10 relievers gave up 30 hits and 16 runs and were charged with three defeats. Manager Cookie Lavagetto's new comment to outgoing pitchers: "I'm going to stack a fork in you, because you're done." Also apparently done were the Chicago White Sox, who ran their losing string to six and tumbled into the cellar. A few days before being sent to the minors Herb Score complained, "Sometimes the plate looks like it's three inches wide—and moving." The aging White Sox were regretting trades that took away youngsters such as Earl Battey, John Romano, Dick Brown, Don Matlack, John Calhoun, Norm Cash and Barry Larkin. Detroit's young Tigers succumbed to their major weakness—one-run decisions. They lost two such games, bringing their record in one-run contests to 3-7 and cutting their lead over Cleveland, which looked alternately good and bad. Cleveland lost to the Angels 9-0, then beat them 7-1 and 13-5. After four extra-inning wins, the Indians lost to the Athletics 7-5 in 12 innings. Still, they were just two games back of the Tigers in the lost column. Also closing in were the New York Yankees, who won three straight before run stopped their

progress. Kansas City (see page 24) also won three in a row with unaccustomed late-inning splurges. There was talk for a while of dissension in Baltimore. The Orioles, however, got timely home runs and good pitching, won five straight, advanced to fourth and the rumors faded. One of the Orioles' was resented from Boston's first error in 10 games. Despite good fielding and pitching, the Red Sox lost three of four. The reason: their hitting (.221) was the worst in the majors. Heavy hitting (.54 hits, 36 runs) boosted Los Angeles to sixth. Also a big help was Ken Moberly, who pitched two complete-game wins. He beat Jim Perry of the Indians with a three-hit shutout in one game, then explained, "I wanted Perry when he rented my house in Cleveland this it was haunted. Rocky Colavito and Harvey Kuenn rented and were traded. Jim Busby rented and was sold. I knew Perry would get the business, too."

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

Philadelphia got some good pitching from Frank Sullivan, a 2-1 winner over the Cubs, and Art Mahaffey, who beat the Braves 7-1. Mahaffey was supported by home runs by Charlie Smith and Jim Woods, the first time since April 13 that the Phillies hit two in one game. Ken Boyer of St. Louis hit two in one game and drove in six runs against the Pirates. Bill White had five RBIs against the Giants. Julian Javier had five hits in another game. Sam Mualal (.474) and Curt Flood (.433) also hit well, and the Cardinals won four of six. It was at this time last year that they began moving. In 1960 they were 16-20, this year they were 17-19. It was also at this time a year ago that San

Francisco started folding, but last week the Giants won four of five. Willie McCovey (.185) was booed so lustily that Manager Alvin Dark pleaded with fans and sports-writers for understanding. A 7-year-old boy was asked why he booed McCovey. "Because everybody does," he said. Pittsburgh rooters were not exactly overjoyed. The Pirates made nine errors, four by Bill Mazeroski, in two losses. Bob Friend and Vern Law were hit hard, Bob Skinner had just three RBIs and a .236 BA, and Mazeroski was hitting .207. Phil Wrigley, Chicago owner, also had cause to chew his gum furiously. His Cubs lost four more, making it 17 of 20. Ernie Banks got permission from the multithreaded coaching staff to switch from shortstop to left field to spare his legs and prolong his career. Wrigley was not comforted by the fact that two of his former employees—Bob Scheffing of the Tigers and Dark—had their teams in front. It also became apparent that you can take the Dodgers out of Brooklyn, but you can't take the "Brooklyn" out of the Dodgers. Some Brooklyn-type base running and eight errors hurt the Los Angeles Dodgers, who lost four of six. In a 2-0 loss to the Reds, Maury Wills and Tommy Davis passed each other on the base paths going in opposite directions. Cincinnati rookie Ken Hunt won that game, his fourth. The Reds' pitching (2.99 ERA) was the best in the majors, but a sudden dearth of homers kept them from doing better than splitting four games. Milwaukee, too, got good pitching, primarily from Lou Burdette and Warren Spahn. This, despite woeful pinch hitting (.121 for the season), the Braves won three of five

## TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE						
RF	Davenport	.313	Mays	.267	F. Alou	.290
LA	Mon	.286	T. Davis	.213	Wells	.302
PH	Coverdale	.331	Mosh	.308	Stewart	.314
C	Kazuo	.302	Phelan	.291	Kubacka	.298
SH	Murphy	.335	Aron	.221	Belling	.249
SL	Malheur	.312	Conerbaugh	.299	Reyer	.298
CH	Savin	.301	Rhodes	.277	Reith	.261
PH	Gonzalez	.327	Calderon	.296	C. Smith	.282

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Det	Cash	.343	Bares	.315	Kalene	.267
Chi	Temple	.244	Rosenau	.224	Perez	.214
NY	Berra	.302	Mastie	.292	Neuh	.281
Wash	Breault	.347	R. Robinson	.325	Genelle	.313
Wash	Terry	.326	King	.297	Wooding	.291
SEA	Kidderman	.243	Green	.224	Vazquez	.206
KC	Sullivan	.265	League	.267	Tallie	.232
Bos	Russell	.330	Phelan	.293	Wells	.285
LA	Averill	.318	Hugh	.297	Waggon	.280
Chi	Savory	.231	Fox	.271	Larkin	.267

## RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE		Runs Scored	Teammates Total Runs Batted In*	Runs Produced
Arroy, Mel ( 331)		24	27	51
Mays, SF ( 307)		32	18	50
Clemens, Pitt ( 302)		29	32	45
Belling, Wri ( 212)		21	14	45
Capaldi, SF ( 273)		23	22	45
Moon, LA ( 366)		25	38	41
T. Davis, LA ( 213)		25	15	40
W. Davis, LA ( 207)		25	15	40

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Cash	Det (365)	33	28	61
Genelle	Det (313)	28	30	58
Salvatore	Det (272)	26	20	55
Kalene	Det (307)	32	21	53
Woods	Det (276)	32	20	52
Bares	Det (215)	20	31	51
Mastie	NY (209)	21	48	47
Bruton	Det (255)	21	24	45

\*Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBs.

## TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

NATIONAL LEAGUE						
SP	McCormick	2.17	Marchal	2.25	Loon	2.92
LA	Phelan	1.94	Gryboski	2.26	Koutin	2.44
PH	Hartley	2.53	Muesel	3.40	Gibson	3.77
CH	Parkley	2.50	O Toole	2.81	Jay	2.70
SL	Spahn	2.35	Burdette	2.63	Bahl	4.89
SL	Gibson	1.63	Indaco	2.68	Beggs	3.32
CH	Indaco	2.25	Swindell	3.40	Reiber	4.53
PH	Mahaffey	1.80	Sullivan	3.74	Burke	3.45

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Det	Masa	3.22	Regan	3.16	Lay	3.40
Chi	Rosenau	3.80	Grant	2.68	Perry	2.74
NY	Tord	3.25	Deinert	4.17	Turley	4.68
Balt	Wilhelm	3.25	Heck	1.67	Brown	3.20
Wash	McGinn	3.47	Spahn	3.13	Savory	3.63
Masa	Kalich	2.74	Pastorek	3.18	Karl	3.95
KC	Barr	3.25	Reiber	4.57	Deley	4.75
Bos	Kalich	1.87	Montgomery	2.22	Cosley	2.77
LA	McBride	2.78	Kane	4.87	Gibbs	5.00
Chi	Shaw	2.78	Wynn	3.39	Smith	2.84

Record statistics through Saturday, May 27



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## WHEREVER

Sirs:

In recent years international athletics have gone a long way toward achieving world understanding. Therefore why did you have to print Gassy Player's admittedly unqualified personal opinion concerning his country's controversial political policies of apartheid (*A Jetset Golf Champion*, May 8)?

Why not just let us have Player as a golfer? What he thinks privately isn't relevant unless he tries to sell it wholesale. If and when he does that, I, a Negro, won't give a hooty fabus how great a golfer he is, it will be time to send him home.

NORMAN A. LOCKMAN

Kenneth Square, Pa.

Sirs:

I was deeply dismayed to learn that Negroes are barred by constitutional clause from membership in The Professional Golfers' Association of America (*Scorecard*, May 22). I am sure my dismay rises from the sharp contrast of this policy with the enlightened thought and action characteristic of other fields of sport.

But in a real sense the PGA only reflects similar racially discriminating policies held by most private and many public golf clubs in our country. Sportmen who hope that the grandeur of sports will unify men, rather than divide them, should express this concern first on the local front.

ANDREW BLANE

Watertown, Mass.

Sirs:

Thanks for toning down your anti-Giant racism this year (*The Giants Get Happy*, May 22). But you have one error yet to correct. Perhaps Mays does say, "Who done 'at'?" (although I doubt that Cepeda calls Dark "Olvin"). But then does Dark, "a Southerner from Louisiana," say, "My first baseman can play wherever he wants"? Or does he say "wheavehah"? Next year why not use standard American spelling for quotations from all Giants, or else the symbols of the International Phonetic Alphabet?

GEORGE STANLEY

New York City

## DARKNESS

Sirs:

I am intrigued by the eye chart pictured in the back of the plush dressing room of the San Francisco Giants. Current batting averages indicate Giant players have little need for an eye chart.

Could it be that Manager Dark may on occasions of "disagreement" over a call

issue a courteous invitation to the offending umpire to visit him in the dressing room after the game?

LONDON YOUNG

Des Moines

## CHANGING TIDES

Sirs:

It's about time somebody stood up and shouted for the right of the active sportsman to "live a trifle dangerously" (*Lure of the Sea*, May 22). I only hope Coles' Fantasy's cry was loud enough to encourage a few more public beach officials (particularly along the Middle Atlantic coast) to unseal some of those roped-in ocean "wading pools" and allow more people to enjoy—and learn—the sports of the sea.

MARK DE FORREST

New York City

Sirs:

Two emperor-sized raves for your recent pages—the excellent short story by Clare Boothe Luce (*The Long Swivel*, May 22) and the fine coverage of the bridge championships by Charles Goren (May 15).

Mrs. JOHN B. BORDEN

Tucson, Ariz.

Sirs:

Would you please take the word "Sports" out of the title of your magazine? It has become a series of beach ads and bathing suits, with an occasional article on athletics. Give us some more of your full-color action shots of sports events.

JOHN CASE

Pomfret, Conn.

## CREW CUT

Sirs:

Marionette College's crew, pictured flopping ingloriously across your pages (*Collapsing Crews*, May 22), may be far from the big time of collegiate racing, but it nevertheless

happens to be perennially the best racing crew in Ohio. It also happens to be the only collegiate crew in Ohio.

DICK DAVIS

Columbus, Mo.

Sirs:

I was disgusted

U. T. BRADLEY

Crew Coach, Rollins College

Winter Park, Fla.

Sirs:

Your description of the Marionette College crew as a "stagnant off-Broadway production" comes closer to the truth than you seem to have recognized. A tired crew never falls backward as this crew's live and six men are doing. Nor do they slop around in the manner of most of the remainder of this crew.

ALAN MACKENZIE

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

We won't get any Oscar for acting, but we don't want any—we weren't acting.

LEONID COWELL

Marionette, Ohio

Sirs:

We were pleased to see the picture of the Marionette College crew (Ohio's only crew) in your May 22 issue and would but point out two facts.

The mile and 5/16 they had just rowed brought their season total well over 450 miles and was the last stroke for senior Lloyd Cowell, who had pulled an oar more than 1,600 miles since that first "crab" as a freshman. The crew is in the J. Ellis MacDonald, named after our first coach and the coach of the original Dad Vail winners, the Marionette crew of 1934.

LEW YEAGER

Marionette, Ohio

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## PAT ON THE BACK



BETTY HERRMANN

## Fitness bee

Once a week in the Garland, Texas community house a group of youngsters and their parents get together for a fitness fest. As in old-fashioned community sings and quilting bees, however, the exercising is done in an atmosphere that makes everyone think it's fun, not work. As the kids show off their best somersaults and flips, the grownups rediscover forgotten muscles with less strenuous exercises. "We're just interested in feeling good," says Mrs. Betty Herrmann, mother of seven, who got the group started.

Mrs. Herrmann, who is shown above encouraging an upside-down cyclist, got

the idea for family exercise after hearing repeated criticism of the appalling physical unfitness of Americans. "There was plenty of evidence close to home," she says, "but nobody was doing anything about it." So Betty decided to do it herself. At the first session only two volunteers showed up. Betty was almost ready to quit, but at the next meeting more than 40 people showed. At the latest session of the class there were 31 adults and 31 children. "It's wonderful," says a newly fit Betty, "and with parents and children attending together we've even eliminated the problem of baby-sitting."

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 5, 1981



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## DOG SHOW SCHEDULE

The major dog shows in June

**JUNE 2**

Poodle Club of Massachusetts show (unbenchd), Wellesley, Mass.

**JUNE 3**

Huntingdon Valley Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Huntingdon Valley, Pa.  
Ladies' Dog Club show (unbenchd), Wellesley, Mass.

**JUNE 4**

Framingham District Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Framingham, Mass.  
Delaware County Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Media, Pa.

**JUNE 10**

Greenwich Kennel Club show (benchd), Greenwich, Conn.  
Kanadatsaga Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Canadatsaga, N.Y.

**JUNE 11**

Longshore-Southport Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Fairfield, Conn.  
Tonawanda Valley Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Batavia, N.Y.  
Upper Marlboro Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Upper Marlboro, Md.

**JUNE 17**

Bryn Mawr Kennel Club show (benchd), Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
Bay State German Shepherd Dog Club show (unbenchd), Lynnfield, Mass.  
Chautauqua Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Dunkirk, N.Y.  
North Shore Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Wrentham, Mass.

**JUNE 18**

Burlington County Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Palmyra, N.J.  
Eric Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Fairview, Pa.  
Middlesex County Kennel Club show (unbenchd), Lincoln, Mass.

**JUNE 24**

Dachshund Association of Long Island show (unbenchd), Hicksville, N.Y.  
Eastern English Springer Spaniel Club show (unbenchd), Ridgefield, Conn.

**JUNE 25**

Staten Island Kennel Club show (benchd), Staten Island, N.Y.  
Boston Terrier Club of Maine show (unbenchd), Brunswick, Me. **END**



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 5, 1961

## A clubhouse full of catchers

The Yankees have four of the best in the business despite a catching shortage in baseball

by MAURY ALLEN

Mickey Mantle sat in front of his locker reading a newspaper, Bob Turley was writing a letter, Roger Maris, his belt buckle loosened and his large muscles rippling through his undershirt, read a pocket book. It was raining outside, and the Yankees were waiting for it to stop or for the game with Cleveland to be called off.

The four Yankee catchers were in the clubhouse. Yogi Berra sat at a large table in the center of the room autographing pictures. Elston Howard took a soft drink from a cooler and leaned against the wall. John Blanchard beat his large hand into a stiff, new mitt. Jesse Gonder walked around the room, talked leisurely to a writer and puffed on a cigarette.

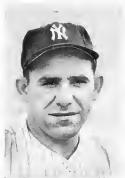
Only in the Yankee clubhouse, of all the clubhouses in baseball, could one find four catchers trying to keep themselves busy while rain held up play. Berra was the catcher named on Manager Ralph Houk's lineup card posted in the dugout. Howard would spend the night on the bench, waiting for a chance to pinch-hit if a left-handed pitcher came into the game. Blanchard and Gonder would be in the bullpen in right center field, 400 feet from the game, warming up the possible relievers, waiting for a possible call to pinch-hit—"The toughest job in baseball," says Blanchard.

("We're lucky to have four good catchers," says Coach Jim Hegan, who was one of baseball's finest defensive catchers for 20 seasons.)

"Good catchers seem to last pretty long," Howard said. "Del Rice of Los Angeles is 38. Sherm Lollar of the White Sox is 36. Yogi's still going pretty good, and he's no boy."

Gonder, who is 25, broke in with the Cincinnati organization and has been catching only two years.

continued



YOGI BERRA, oldest Yankee catcher, has .288 average for 15 seasons in big leagues.



ELSTON HOWARD is the only one of the Yankee catchers who bats right-handed.



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Some folks drive thousands of miles—and never find it! Put here it is—sweet relief from the stresses and strains of the working world... health giving recreation in the great outdoors... real life man sports: hunting, fish ing, and trapping, swimming, boating, and skiing! All these can be yours with this authentic SWISS CHALET. Take it—enjoy it—just once a year, but every chance you get. Week ends. Even overnight. Friends will envy its sophisticated outdoor atmosphere. Really quite simulated log siding. Cape 14' x 16' family room. Separate kitchen and bath dressing room, each 8' x 8'. Swiss style 8' x 16' balcony. Sleeps 8 easy. Only \$1,295.00 delivered free up to 400 miles. Sound too good to be true? Just make up your mind—and it's yours! Send check for \$45.00 down payment to day. We'll finance through Marine-Mall and banks. You can erect your pine-lined SWISS CHALET this week and Or write, wire for literature and plans! CAMP SITES WANTED by our customers for their SWISS CHALETs. Near lakes, streams, mountains. Rush prices, full details at once, we'll pass them along.

## SWISS CHALET

A Product of SECTIONAL HOMES  
2346 Bailey Ave., Buffalo 11, N. Y.

## BEST GOLF IN BERMUDA

Stay at Belmont Manor and play the private 18-hole Championship Golf Course... fabulous new Sapphire Pool... tennis... fishing, boating... fine French cuisine... dancing... entertainers nightly.

### Belmont Manor

Golf and Country Club  
REPRESENTED BY: LEONARD HICKS, JR. & ASSOCIATES  
530 MADISON AVE., N.E., R.T. NO. 8-0223  
WASHINGTON-CHICAGO-DETROIT-MIAMI-ATLANTA-TORONTO

## B-Z-Z-Z-Z

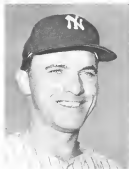
If you'd like to enjoy a honey of a vacation, make a bee-line for this seashore resort.



### CHALFONTE HADDON HALL

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.

Lands & Livestock Co. Progressive Reservations for 75 Days  
Reseller Discount Book



JOHN BLANCHARD caught last two games of the 1960 World Series and had four hits



JESSE GONDER, youngest of the Yankee catchers, batted .327 at Richmond in 1960.

### CLUBHOUSE OF CATCHERS

"I don't care how many games I play, I just want to stay up here," he said. "That's the big thing. If you're in the big leagues, you can show what you can do. Somebody gets hurt, or you get a couple of hits. They can always find a spot for a good batter. I've never had too much trouble hitting. Yogi and Ellic and Jim Hegan have been working on my catching. I'm getting better."

("He's quick behind the plate," Hegan says of Gonder. "And he has a fine arm.")

Howard, at 32 and in his seventh major league season, is finally regarded as the Yankees' first-string catcher now that the years and 1,864 big league games are catching up with Berra. He said, "I like catching. I like it better than any other position. I hit better when I catch and I like being a part of the game."

Blanchard, handsome and tall, said Bill Dickey was responsible for making him a catcher. "He saw I was big and strong at a Yankee rookie camp. He worked with me every day for two weeks. I'm in the big leagues. It paid off."

(Blanchard is also a good left-handed batter—which helps. Of the four catchers, only Howard swings right-handed.)

"I went to a baseball clinic where 400 kids turned out," said Howard. "There were two catchers, just two."

"Most of the kids are afraid of catching. They're scared of getting hurt. It's their mothers, really," said Blanchard. "With Little League and all that other kid baseball, the mothers go to a lot of

games. They sit in the stands and watch their kids get smacked with a foul ball. 'No more catching for my kid,' the mother says. The kid's lucky if she lets him play at all."

"You would think every kid would want to be a catcher," said Gonder. "It's the fastest way to the top. Least amount of competition. Except on this club, maybe. But the money's good and the World Series checks help out. I'm not complaining."

"A lot of kids don't like to work hard," Berra said. "And they blink when a ball comes." He walked to a mirror to comb his hair. "Heck, I even blink sometimes. My kid likes catching. He's 11 now. When he told me he blinks I told him I blink, too. He's a strong boy."

"There could be one solution to the shortage," Hegan said. "We ought to make catchers out of some of these lefties." He said it half-jokingly, then continued: "I don't really see why not."

Howard and Blanchard disagreed. "A lefty could never throw to third with a right-handed batter," Blanchard said.

"He'd have just as much trouble throwing to first," Howard said.

Berra thought about the question. "Gee, I don't know," he said, rubbing his chin. "If he could hit, I don't think it would matter."

A few minutes later the game was called off. Berra dressed rapidly and walked out of the clubhouse, heading for his New Jersey estate.

"Some catchers make a pretty good living," said Gonder. "Look at the funny shirt Yogi is wearing."

END



(continued from front flap of this insert)

dren. With only two, my wife and I are dragging down the Westport average.

And as far as "younger" families are concerned, I have further news: the Census reveals that more children under 18 say "daddy" to a man in the 35-44 age bracket than in any other.

If this is all true for the big magazines, it's all the more so for the "class" magazines, the selective magazines—where the median household income approaches \$10,000, (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's is one of the highest, \$10,835, and the median age of the household head is only 42.) In those brackets, the family has a little economic room to turn around—and they don't spend themselves out of the market when they make one major purchase.

As I said in my last memo to you, these \$10,000-and-over families are growing faster than any other bracket in the country. There were 7,900,000 of them in the U.S. in 1959, and that was up from 4,900,000 in 1955. There's where the growth of America is, and there's where the buying is done.

So the burden of my message is: advertise first in the selective magazines, to the millions who because of their education and social background and income have the intelligence and taste to "get" what you're talking about, and then have the money to get it. And I can't think of a better magazine to spearhead your list than SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, where the mere fact that people are reading about activity and the active side of life is your guarantee that they themselves are bound to be active, competitive, acquisitive, and have most of the other characteristics you seek in a customer.

\* \* \*

Perhaps I should wait until the talk calms down a bit on this subject, but I would like to excerpt just one more quote from that same *Wall Street Journal* article. Their reporter interviewed Mr. Bob Lunquist, sales manager of the Erie, Pa. station, which had recently switched from NBC to ABC. Said he, "ABC seems to know what people want to watch. Folks have their problems during the day, and when they come to TV at night they want to escape. ABC is programming so people can escape from everyday life."

Well, this may be fine, but I don't feel it's the kind of thinking that originated, for example, ABC's *World in Sports* series (SI, May 8, 1961). And besides, a desire to escape is hardly the mood in which I would like to find a prospect for my advertising. I would think that the challenge of reading, whether on a quest for information or on a search for mind-stimulating entertainment, which a reader gets in a magazine would put him in a far more receptive mood for an advertising message.

(continued on back page)

(continued from preceding page)

And with only a few exceptions, those citizens with more income at stake, more education behind them, and more responsibilities ahead of them, are usually the ones who know there's no escape, anyway.



Well, on to less controversial matters. There's a friend of ours who is account executive on a well-known headache remedy and for the life of us we can't get him to see SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. We say, "Look, where would you expect to find the most headaches? In the ladies' sewing circle set? Members of the W.C.T.U.? About 77% of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscriber families serve liq-

uor. Another statistic shows that they entertain about 30,000,000 other people in their homes over a two-month period—for dinner, cocktails, bridge, weekends. We carry more beer, wine, and liquor advertising pages than any other magazine but one. Why not *your* headache remedy?"

The above-mentioned individual is not our friend and advertiser Hal Thurber, President of Wade Advertising, Chicago, who writes, "I read your Memo before reading the rest of the magazine. Somehow I'm still as interested in merchandising as I am in sports. Since you occasionally mention products, I wonder if you'd consider saying something nice about Alka-Seltzer. I am sure that most people who get your insert are real prospects for our client's product."

I couldn't say for sure, lest I be accused of practicing medicine without a license—but wouldn't you agree that families with higher incomes and more taxes; more bills to pay, lawns to mow, rooms to paint; more family duties and social and civic responsibilities; more important jobs, and hence more meetings to attend, reports to prepare, and customers to entertain—and exactly the same amount of time to do it all in as the families who have nothing more to do than put their feet up and watch television all evening—would be inclined to have more headaches?

As a matter of fact, I don't even need an M.D. to certify that fact. I know it from experience.

*Pete Collaway*



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House."

## A half mile out, the friendly sea turned into a wave of fear!

SELECTED CANADIAN WHISKY • 86 & 90 PROOF • IMPORTED BY HIRSH WALKER & SONS LIMITED, NEW YORK, NEW YORK



**2.** "I balanced precariously on a soft sheet of boiling foam that raced toward shore with a mounting roar. I had to try treading it in before the wave's full fury broke loose. Too late! There was no way to turn. I had miscalculated!"



**3.** "Like a collapsing brick wall, the mountainside wave broke behind me. Then, just as I glanced backward, the full force of the mighty hollow smashed down. Over I went! I was dragged under and gasped for breathless by tons of water while fighting the treacherous undertow."



**4.** "Back on the beach, bone-battered but unbowed, it was good to sit and watch for a change. Even better was the drink of good old Canadian Club that awaited me."

Why this whisky's universal popularity? Canadian Club has a flavor so distinctive no other whisky tastes quite like it. What's more, it is the lightest whisky in the world.

This happy combination means you can stay with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner, highballs after. Why not try Canadian Club tonight?

8 years old • Imported in bottle from Canada

*Canadian Club*



UNLOCK A NEW WORLD OF FRESH SMOKING PLEASURE

*Start fresh with L&M*  
*Stay fresh with L&M*

Do away with dried-out taste for good!

The secret? Flavor Seal—L&M's special way of moisturizing tobacco to seal in natural tobacco freshness... natural tobacco goodness

L&M brings you more smoking pleasure—because its special Flavor Seal *locks in* the natural freshness and flavor of fine tobacco. And you unlock it every time you light up an L&M!

You get finer, smoother flavor. L&M burns slower, smokes cooler... never dries out your taste. You get the modern Miracle Tip... pure white, inside and out, for the cleanest, freshest taste possible. Start fresh—stay fresh with L&M.



Start fresh  
and keep  
smiling  
with fresh  
L&M

TRY FRESH-TASTING, BEST-TASTING L&M TODAY

—L&M IN PACK OR BOX